TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, WILLIAM, LORD HERBERT EARLE OF Pembrooke, Baron of Cardiffe, Marmion, and Saint *Quintin, one of his Maiesties most honourable priuie* Counsell, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter. *Robert Anton* wisheth a happy life militant and triumphant.

I Remember (Right Honourable, the whining complaint of the Poet concerning vertue: Credo pudicitiam Saturno: rege moratam delapsum in cœlis: *'Tis the iron age, and vertue must haue Estredge like concoction, or else die in an Hospitall for want of a Patron. Tis well she is stellified in heauen: for earth is her locall place of torment: I haue been a sad spectator of her iniuries, and deplore her miserable exile; yet her ecclipse by the interposition of vice is not a totall defect of her heauenly light, but partiall and limited, yet how prodigious it is, the tragicall changes of this age can truly propheſie. Some Surgeon might haue begd a dead body from the fanges of execution, whose Anotomy might haue taught the age the constitution of vice, impostumated with murder and hot raind affections. My prayer is more charitable, then Cynicall to wish any plants of such an vnfortunate tree, I haue seene vice adored with her superstitious Imagerie, and I wish all true Protestants to vertue rather to die Martyrs, then*

reuolt from her profession, in whose faith your honour is held a most religious professor, the sects of vice are more then in Amsterdam, to whose errors I oppose my booke, as an eager disputant. The motions of this planitarie satire are regular and presented in a maske of a seuenfold vniformity. Appeare Philosopher in thy vndaunted humor of grauity, & spit defiance in the face of scurrile satirrisme: lend heauenly whipcord, and borrow correction from the Sunne: fetch blood from the whole body of Nature, and the sixe planets lay on load on the stigmatick shoulders of vice. This book was conceiued in dog-daies, and must bite, the signe is in Scorpio, and the planets in their most critticall mansion. Be as the world thinkes you, vertuous, and reade this booke with a more then laurell resolution. The thunder hath no power ouer a consecrated and vertuous mind, it smites onely strong timbred villanies. Kings haue accepted rootes from a Philosopher: the gift is small: yet it calls you Lord, and me master. A satire is musicke worthie of Pithagoras his opinion, especially, when the planets dance a heauenly lauolto, they are nimble spirited and actiue, and onely hope for the passiue part of your noble patronage.

Your Honours obliged

Robert Anton.

TO THE COVRTEOVS AND Iudicious Reader.

WHo ere thou art, that art intellectuall, be thou my Organiſt, and let thy ſoule, which with Philoſophers is but a harmonie, keepe time with this Muſicall maske of the Spheares. I haue laboured here to preſent Art and Nature without their vgly periwiggs of obſceane and ſhallow Poetry, and haue diſtinguiſht the confuſion of time from a graue and methodical dialect. How poore and naked doth that labour appeare, that hath no other clothes, but the fuſtian of Apes, and baſe imitation: how like a Bedlam looks a Poet by nature, that neuer writes but in full Moones of ſurfets, and Bacchanalian quotations of young Gentlemens ruins and dice conſuming Lordſhips: how poore a Graduate is learning, whē it keeps acts in *tenebris*, & murders the Preſſe with fellonious Pamphlets ſtolne frō the imperfections of their deereſt friends, nay, purloined frō their own ſcabbed diſpoſitions, and vlcerous inclinations: I muſt confeſſe my ſelfe to bee a ſorrowfull patient in my owne defects, yet a phiſicall proficient in their remedies. I take no pleaſure in the inciſion of other men. Onely

I reade an Anotomie lector of their vices. Comment vpon me with iudgement, not cenſure, and thou ſhalt find thy ſoule brimfull of emulation, but void of enuie: for others that are not borne with a generous infuſion, I hold with *Galen*, that the temperament of their ſoules, followes the temperament of their groſſe and ſottiſh bodies; and therefore baſely vncapable.

Thine as thy iudgement is.

R. A.

IN SATYRAS DIGNISSIMAS
et vere Phyloſophicas amici ſui veriſſimi
Roberti Anton.

INcipe, ſis primus ſophiæ, qui myſtica iura
In Satyras vertens crimina vera canit,
Phyloſophus verus ſis: nominis *ellumon* inde
Sit: tibi iam *philos*, tu mihi (chare) *ſophos*.

To his ingenious friend. *R. A.*

DEeſert and praiſe are Twins. The firſt being quicke,
The ſecond ſtill is ſo; or if it die,
Then is the firſt too ſound, or elſe too ſicke,
And ſo may dye in grace, or Enuies eye.
But this with wonder in my ſtomacke ſtickes,
That Satyrs wrapt but in baſe Balladrie
Are praiſd beyond the moone (of lunatickes)
As being ſun-begot; ſo cannot die.
Needs muſt I hugge the Muſe, and praiſe the pen
Of him, that makes his Satires dance a brall
Vnto the muſicke of the ſpheares, euen then
When as the planets footed it withall:
Thou ſharply ſingſt, but he the burden beares,
That would haue ſonge more ſharpe but for his eares.

I. Donne.

TO THE AVTHOR.

WEll may we praiſe thoſe books, that bring vs ſtore
Of profit with their pleaſure: here to fore
Th'art of Aſtronomie was ſuch tough meate,
It almoſt broke our teeth, ere we could eate.
But thou with quaint and curious dreſſing haſt
Made it melt now like hon[illegible] in the [illegible].
And ſith heauen's ſo farre, [illegible]one eaſily may
Goe thither (for 'tis vphill all the way)
Thou, to ſaue vs the paine, of trauelling, thus
(Iudicious writer) bringſt the heauens to vs;
Makſt the ſtarres ſerue as letters, by which we
May reade the ſecrets of Aſtronomie.
Yet winn'ſt thou not (graue tutor) more reſpect
When thou diaſt teach, then when thou doſt correct.
The golden age is paſt, iron the worſt
Is only left, and that's halfe eate with ruſt:
Rough fi.es and corſiue waters, onely may
(For oyle does no good) fetch this ruſt away,
Well therefore haſt thou choſe, with Satyricke rimes,
To whip and fetch blood from theſe Bedlam times,
So wiſe Phyſitians, when they ſee bad blood,
Open a veine, that they may make it good,

P. B. Medii Temp.

THE PHILOSOPHERS SEVEN Satyrs, aluding to the ſeuen Planets. And firſt of his Section of heauen.

THere was a *time* before all *time* begun,
VVhen the proud *Iennets* of the radiant *Sunne*
VVere ſcarce deliuered from the *wombe* of night,
And backt by *circular motion*, when all *light*,
Soiourn'd with *darkneſſe*, and this *glorious ball*
Had neither *forme* nor *ſoule Angelicall*,
To moue thoſe *orbes* aboue as ſome propound
With *rauiſhing muſicke*, or ſuch *heauenly ſound*,
As that great *diſtance* of thoſe *rowling ſpheares*,
Barres from the *organs* of all *humane eares*,
VVhen neither *Sea*, nor *land* coopt in a *ring*,
Keept their *conſeruatiue place*, nor any thing
Had an *eſſentiall forme*, or *element*,
Circle or *Center* had true *complement*
Of *Art* or *nature*: but when *heauen* and *earth*
Had from *confuſions bowels* knawne the *birth*
Of this faire *Child* nam'd *Coſmos*, the Mouers *eie*
Diſtinguiſht this faire *obiect* of the *skie*
From his *diſordred maſſe* with all this *globe*,
And ſuted it in farre more formall *robe*
Of *quantitie* and *figure*. Then began

Pthagoras, his opinion.

The end of Man.

All *lights* to *light* the *Makers darling* (*MAN:*)
For which indeer'd *creation* and *respect*
This *Microcosme* of *man* was made erect
With vpright *speculation*, lineally
To view this rich imbrodred *Cannopie*
Of those *Cœlestiall bodies*; and begin
Anaxagoras. Principle. To crie, *Heauen* is my *Countrie*, *Earth* my *Inne:*
But leauing him to *Heauen*, of *Earth* we sing,
As being of the *world*, the perfects *thing*
In the Creations *wonder*, and the *end*
Of our *aspiring hopes*, which we ascend,
As to our *locall blisse*, and *naturall place*,
To end euen there, where neuer ended *grace*.

Of Heauen.

THis glorious *globe* of *heauens* resplendent *ball*,
Trapt richly with his *lights pontificall*.
Motus raptus, Or contrary motion. *Fountaine* of *motion*, by which euery *starre*
Is whirld from *East* to *West* orbicular
In foure and twentie *houres*, as Shepheards say,
Trotting the circuite of the *naturall day*,
Is of no *frame* nor *forme* geometricall,
But round of *body*, and as *Sphericall*,
As the *Egyptian Sages* did compare
The *winding Snake* vnto the *circled yeere*:
Plinie lib. 1. For of all *figures* this doth best appeare,
Euery way shewing a iust *hemisphеare*,
Bending vpon it selfe: most capable
To comprehend this *frame* so *strong* and *able*
To boulster vp this *loade*, and ponderous *frame*,
As it hath neither *ioynts*, but still the *same*:

Keeping

Keeping his actiue *body* aply ſound
As it is *iointleſſe*, *pointleſſe*, *endleſſe*, *round*:
Now whether this pure *quinteſſence* of *nature*
Be euerliuing, or a dying *creature*:
Or whether that *diuine intelligence*,
That giues to *heau'n* his *turning excellence*
Giue *eſſence*, or *aſsiſtance*, as without,
The *ſoule* that moues it, it were ſtill from doubt
Of what we call it now, as *ſhips* that ſcowre
The *Oceans* curled *billowes*, by the powre
And cunning of the *Pilote*: eu'n to that *clime*
Where that great *idoll gold*, *Saint* of the *time*,
To whom the *Indian Pilgrimes* ſacrifice
Such three yeares *Hecatombs* of *widowes cries*,
Speaking in *golden Oracles* of *droſſe*,
The *Bruſſes* murmure and the *Mariners* loſſe,
And yet at laſt returne with crazed *ſides*,
With graſſe-greene *ribs* furd with tempeſtuous *tides*
With *two* or *three* aliue, the *Pilotes* hand
Guiding the ſickely *veſſell* to the land,
By which we ſee his *forme* and *name* he ſaues,
Although the *Pilotes* motion plowes the *waues*
With *card* and *compaſſe*: ſo in *naturall ſenſe*
Heau'n takes no forme from his *intelligence*,
Which onely, like a Pilote ſweetly ſteeres
The harmony of *nature* in the *ſpheares*:
With powre aſſiſtent, and their *motions* carrie
With certaine *lawes*, and *ſtatutes* voluntarie,
That as when euery *element* doth ſtriue
To moue vnto his *place conſeruatiue*:
As being ſo imperfect and ſo baſe,
That they muſt *pine* and *die* without a *place*

vt nauta in naui ita intelligentia cœli. Zab. lib. de motu cœli. Scalig. excer. 68. Sect. 1.

And

And *locall conseruation*, yet is heau'n a *creature*
Heauen reeds no place of conseruation. Of such a perfect *quintessense* of *nature*,
That it esteemes not *place* for *conseruation*,
But to another *end* of *generation*,
Sol & homo generat hominem, Moues with his powerfull *influence*: whence began
Our *Schooles* to ring the *sun* and *man* get *man*:
But leauing these to treade the thornie *maze*
Of *Schoole*-cram'd *Sophistrie*: againe we raise
Our haughtie *Muse* to flie with sollid wings,
And search with *starres* and *subcelestiall things*:
For since we see, that by the *loadstones* might
The *yron age* is drawne; where with delight,
The readers *eye* doth fansie, and mens *wits*
Like *Bagpipes* sound, no sound but *pleasant fits*:
We are resolu'd to plucke such *fruits* from *schooles*,
And once to please *Physitians*, *knaues* and *fooles*:
For to all these I know our booke shall come:
Packe *Doctor* to thy *vrine*, and be dumbe
The sottish *Empericke*, onely *fooles* haue *land*,
And so haue *countrey-knights*: these, these command
The *Muses* sonnes with an *idolatrous knee*
To pray to *Angels*, or a *noble fee*
Of some poore *Pamphlet*. Hence *bastards* to your *sire*:
Whilest we reuiue our quicke *Promothean fire*:
Ptolomies opinion. The number of these turning *spheares* of *heauen*,
Some say but *nine*, others affirme *eleuen*:
Which all *Diuines* more full of *holy fire*
Nam'd sacred *Hirarchies*: where the blest *quier*
Of heauenly *Angels* and true *Martirs* rides
That with *triumphant wreaths* shall iudge the *tribes*.
The *order* of the *Orbes cælestiall*
Are numbred thus: the first *imperiall*

So

So called of the *Greekes*, as being a *place*
Most full of *holy light* and *Angels grace*,
Whose blessed soules from passion doe suruiue
Their substance onely being definitiue:
Not *circumscriptiue* as our bodies be,
With the *aires* cincture or *concauitie*,
Their *bodies* free from any locall *span*,
Of grose *dimensions*, or *precinctes* of *man*;
And therefore in one *bodie spirits* dwell
All in one *place*, more then large *Art* can tell:
For round about the iust *mans life* and *merits*,
Million of *Angels*, and bright flaming *spirits*,
Shall at one *time*, and in one *place* vnite,
Their most regardant *powers infinite*,
And vnextended in our *bodies* moue,
With *subtill motion* from their *place* aboue,
Either to *saue* with a *protectors will*,
Heauens glorious *darling*, or by their *power* distill,
With *whippes* of *vengeance* by their *power diuine*,
In *Legions* name possessing *men* and *swine*.
This *Heauen* the seate of those most happie *soules*,
Whose *summum bonum* all true *blisse* enrowles,
Was that *third heauen*, whose glorious *excellence*
Most sweetly rauisht *Pauls* admiring *sence*.
That steept in *Læthe* of so blest a *trice*,
He prayes to be dissolued to *Paradice*:
And gorg'd with holy *raptures* full of *grace*,
He sings th' *Abysse* blisse riches of that place.
The *second*, is the *primum mobile*,
So called by *Sages* in *Philosophie*,
Because, as from so cleare and christall *spring*
Proceeds the *birth*, *death*, *motion* of each *thing*,

Empyreus. Arist. Aquinas his opinion.

Math. Ch. 5.

In this heauen Paul was rapt.

Being the firſt, that in his iuſt *Carrere*,
Deriues all *motion* to each ſecond *Spheare*,
And yet himſelfe in *golden meane* doth ride
Equall in *motion*, like the ſacred *guide*
Of ſome *prime reuerent Prelat*, whoſe great *Set*
Is mou'd with hauenly *Regularite*,
Diuine in *motion*, and *Diuine* in *place*:
Free of his learned *influence*, rich in *grace*:
Oh pardon me dull *age*, if I proclaime
His venerable *life*, more then his *name*
Superlatiuely gratious, barke *Heriticks* to ſee.
Such *Metropolitan vniformitie*,
VVhileſt your great *fiſherman* in *Tibers* flood
Shall moue in *purple ſtreames* of *royall blood*,
And with *diſorderd orders* turne the *keyes*
To locke young fooles in *Limbo*: and with eaſe
Martyr a fond *Apoſtate*, who reconcild
By a graue goate-like *father* liues exild,
In ſome Sulphureous *troope* of *Ieſuites*:
Whoſe *powder-treaſon-Collidges* inuites
A *Tiborne reſolution*: whether *ſent* or *come*
Dies *Traitors* here, and halter *Saints* at *Rome*:
But with a certaine *order*, moues our *heau'n*,
Not *ſwift* nor *ſlow*, but *parateld* and *euen*:
From whence we truly *know*, and can *define*
Her *motion* heauenly, and write it in the *line*
Of *Orthodoxall faith*: which moouing ſtands
On *Peters rocke*, and not on *Peters Sands*.
The third in order of theſe *things Diuine*,
Is that *bright heauen* tranſparent, Chriſtaline,
Hauing no *twinkling ſtarre*, or *gliſtering pride*,
But like ſome *materie body* clarified,

From

From whēce ſome ſay, that whē the *world* was made,
And that great *Elohim* the *globes baſes* laid,
Diſperſing *darkeneſſe*, and the tenebrous *night*
To formes of *beautie*, and celeſtiall *light*, *Geneſ.* 1.
That then his *mightie Spirit* heauen did moue
To ſeperate thoſe *waters* from *aboue*
From theſe *below*: and to this *èlement*,
To place his *likeneſſe* in the *firmament*:
For ſince we ſee, that *ſeaes* with *earth* compare,
And *heauen* with *earth* in things that likely are.
The *earth* brings foorth the *dog*, the foamie *maine*,
And *Heauen* it ſelfe equiuocates the ſame,
When with his ſinging and canicular *beames*
He bakes the *earth*, and dries the Chriſtall *ſtreames*:
And therfore with *Harmonious conſent*,
Heauen hath proportion to this *Element*.
And thus we reade in natures *Characters* *Pares cum-*
Like liues with *like* to ſhun *inteſtine warres*. *paribus*.
The *fourth heauen* is that glorious *ſpangled globe*
Emboſt with *ſtarres*, and like a gorgeous *robe*,
Purl'd ore with *natures Ape*, and *Zany-art*
Trailes downe his *ſtarrie traine*, and doth impart
Day to black *night*, and with his *greue* of *ſtarres*,
(Like candles) ſhine to wind wrackt *Marriners*,
Some *fixt*, ſome *wandring* in their tinſell'd *Orbe*:
Whoſe number fixt, *Philoſophers* record,
To be *one thouſand two and twentie cleare*,
Well knowne vnto the Sea-cuſt *Mariner*.
By theſe the iocund *Boateſon* at firſt ſight,
Souſt with the *Ruffin ſeaes*, and ſcratch with *might*,
Whiſtle a maine, and from the hatches skip,
The nimble *ſquires* of the *dancing ſhip*,
And feareleſſe kick the *billowes* with diſdaine,
Tearing the curled *bowels* of the *maine*.

These giue propension to each *mans* deffects,
And by their *fatall influence* and *aspects*
Besides that *vniuersall prouidence*,
On whose great *nod* depends each *consequence*
Of *second causes*: from their *crittick powers*
At *Cæsars birth* acts *Cæsars* tragick *howers*.
But if their *kind coniunctions* smiling meete
Our first *natiuitie*, and with a *sweet*
And *Iouiall dalliance* in a *golden shower*.
Kindly imbrace *our first conceptions bower*,
Then shall *Augustus*, though but meane by *birth*,
Sway seuen hill'd *Rome*, and taxe the *verge* of *earth*.
Foot-boyes shall pearch with *Kings*, & *Tanners* ride
On great *Seianus courser* side by side
With some most Lordly *Consull*: *Rearemice* flie
By daylight with the *Eagles* maiestie,
And will not *reason* mount *Agathocles*
(The *Potters* sonne) to the *Piramides*
Of *honour* and high *state*: what *vertue* marres,
And hates in *fooles* shall prosper by their *starres*:
Yet feare not thou, whose crabbed fate suspends
Thy *fortune progresse*, and whose learned *ends*
Aimes at *eternitie*, though whipt with *need*
And dogged censure; and whose wounds doe bleed
With *times* incision *sterne authoritie*
Dissecting *Arts* like an *Anotomie*,
Reading their *physick lectures* to the *eares*
Of our *contempts* to *greatnesse*, great in *feares*
And *pale suspects*, who iealious of *deserts*,
Doe *Sepulcher* aliue both *Armes* and *Artes*
For thou in spight of their maleuolent rage,
Times simony, and *furie* of the *Age*,
Eclipses, and all *Planetarie hate*,
Like a *Bysextile-yeere* shalt leape thy *fate*:

Wiſe men like *ſluces* in the plague of *warres*,
Were made to rule, thoſe onely rule the *ſtarres*,
Nor can baſe *Gypſes* tell them of their *fate*:
Impoſtors, with their *figures* calculate
Of *blacke futuritie*: *Aſtrologie* diuine
The *aſcendent fortune* of their *heauenly ſigne*:
For *wiſe men* are not borne as *Midwiues* be,
To waite on luckie *howres*, or for the *fee*,
Of *Bisket influence*, their *vertue* barres
The ſuperſtition of ſuch goſſipping *ſtarres*.
But more then *man*, his *reaſon* rules the *skies*,
His *manhood* ſhares a *godhead*, that is wiſe:
In this faire *ſtarrie Mirrour* of the *skie*,
Damaskt with *beautie* and *varietie*
Of thouſand *conſtellations*, whoſe cleare *flames*,
Are knowne in *maps* by their *celeſtiall names*:
For there the faire *Oryon* and the *Beare*,
Maior and *Minor* grace this *hemiſpheare*,
Swift *Pegaſus* and *Perſeus* (radiant light)
Burniſh the tan'd *face* of the *blackemores night*:
Bright *Caſsiopeia* and *Ioues Eagles ſhines*,
Beſides the *conſtellations* of the *ſignes*,
Which euery *foole* in *Phyſicke* can make good,
Their vſe in *purges*, *pills*, and *letting blood*.
And euery *Almanacke druggeſt* poorely read,
Can tell what witleſſe *ſigne* raignes in his head.
But leauing theſe beyond their *yearely date*
To ſmoke an *Indian ſulphure*, we create
Againe our hallowed *Altars*, and in *fires*
Of *morrall vowes* our ſacred *Muſe* aſpires.
Tell me thou graue and mightie *Stagerite*
Oracious *Schoolman*, whoſe deluding light
The loathſome *Epicure* and horrid *ſect*
Of damned *Atheiſme* follow with *direct*

Sapiens dominabitur Aſtris.

Ariſt. lib. 1. de cœlo. The world is eternall.

And eager ſent: what *genius* could deuiſe,
To ſpread ſo large, ſuch monſtrous *hereſies*,
That euen beſides graue *Orpheus*, and the reſt,
Proclus and *Plinie*, and the learned breſt
Of ſharpe *Auerroes*, *Chriſtian Atheiſts* crie,
The *world*'s eternall, and ſhall neuer die,
VVhen by the ſtate of *ſtarres* we may diſcrie,
The *world*'s firme *ruin* and *mortalitie*.
And *Platoes creature* hauing *life* and *breath*
As they decline, ſhall languiſh vnto *death*.
And as a crazed *bodie* full of *howers*,
Renders his *ſiluer head*, and *vitall powers*,
(His *radicall moiſture* ſpent, and euery *part*,
Gaſping for *motion*, from the panting *hart*)
To natures *diſolution*: ſo ſhall paſſe
Both *heauen* and *earth* vnto their priſtine *Mars*,
Although ſome ſay, that this great *Continent*,
And all this glorious guilt-hatcht *firmament*
Shall change his *forme*, and accidentall *frame*,
Although the *part ſubſtantiall* be the ſame,
Alleaging for their weake *Philoſophie*,
This ſacred *place* of ſweet *diuinitie*.
Yet by the fall of *ſtarres* our *reaſons* prooue
A totall *wrack* of *earth* and *heauen* aboue.
For firſt we ſee the Sunne, whoſe bright *Carrier*
Trots through the ring of *time*, and dates the yeer
In his diurnall *progreſſe*: now declines,
More neere the *earth*, then in the former *times*,
When learned *Ptolome* obſerued the *ſtarres*,
Their *houſes*, *ſignes*, and *different characters*.
Cheering old *Ops*, now doting with long *daies*,
VVith cordiall *flames*, and *charitable rayes*,
That elſe in this *conſumption* would exſpire,
VVanting ſo bright a *Nurſe*, whoſe cheering *fire*

Reſtores her health with his *preſeruatiue cure*,
Adding new *life* to her old *temperature*:
Beſides infection of each *element*,
Corruption of the pureſt *temperament*:
Phyſitions now turne *Satyrs*, and complain,
That *nature* is a ſtepdame in the *frame*
Of this laſt *Age*: when croking *Rauens* ſing, *Theophraſtus*
Their liues large *Charter* merrier then a *king*.
The ſtately *Stag* a hundred yeares ſhall graze,
But man to *wormes meate* turnes in fewer *dayes*:
Pigmies for *Gyants*, that with *Babell power*
Were wont to ſcale the high *Olympiade Tower*,
And wraſtle with the *Gods*: now *dwarfes* are borne,
Ne're made to fight, but made to *natures* ſcorne:
The *Arcadian Kings* two hundred yeares did liue,
But now the thriftie *heauens* doe ſcarcely giue *Plinie.*
Halfe of that *penſion* to the nobleſt *man*,
His *graue* but *ſixe foot long*, *his life a ſpan*:
VVhich ſhewes the *world* corrupted from his beſt,
Declines his ſetling *progreſſe* to the *weſt*;
For ſince all things from their ſincere *creation*
Couet *abſurdities* in *generation*:
And euery thing ſteales to his priuatiue end.
Starres fall from their *degrees*, *Planets* deſcend
To comfort the poore *Centers* feebled *vaines*
Drooping vnto his *Chaos*, with long *paines*
And aged barrenneſſe: *man* that *noble creature*,
Scanted of *time*, and ſtinted by weake *nature*,
That in foretimes ſaw *Iubiles* of *yeares*,
As by *Endimions* hiſtorie appeares:
Nay, which is more, euen ſilly *women* then,
Liu'd longer time, then our graue *graye beard men*:
Aged *Terentia* learned *Tullies* wife,
Aboue an hundred *yeares* ſpun out her *life*,

Vntill

Vntill her reuerent scalpe with *siluer eares*
Shewd like a *winters frost* with snow-white *haires*
Plin. lib. 3. The great historian *Plinie* doth report
Of a *Commedian vice*, that in such sort,
Euen at a hundred *yeares* frosted with *age*,
In *Pompeys Theater* acted on the *stage*,
And with such spirited *action* grac't the *Scean*,
As without *randing* in a golden meane
The aged *woman* so performde her part,
That ruinde *nature* seem'd new borne by *Art*.
If then all *parts* of this great *world* decline,
Fond *Atheist* tell me, how the *world's* diuine:
Since *starres* remoue, and *bodies* stellified,
With an obortiue *slip* are quallified.
And all things with an vniuersall crie
Feeles natures *throwes* proofes sensible to die:
Kings to their *Sacrophagus* shall returne,
As sure as *Seriants* with the *world* shall burne:
But now from fixed *starres* to *wandring light*,
Regents of *day* and *harbingers* of *night*,
On whose *aspects* each *clubfoot wretch* complaines,
We tune our *Muses* note to loftie *straines*
To whom the *crooke fac't Indian* & the *Moore*,
In orientall *maiestie* adore:
The prowd *Exchangeman* that with *eager hate*
Cuts the *burnt line* to gaine a *golden fate*
By the great *Henchman* of the glorious *day*,
Laden with *Ingots* plowes the brinie *way*
From *three yeares stubborne labour* to the *port*
Of his owne *natiue soyle* to *sing* and *sport*,
That to the *humming Burs* he may relate,
The *sunne burnt pallace* of thy *easterne state*,
Bright *influence* keepe *time*, that whilst I sing
Thy fierie *stallions* set the *Zodiakes* ring,

THE PHILOSOPHERS FIRST Satyre of the Sunne. ⊙

I dare not dedicate: this Satyr ſings
High as this Planet: points at onely Kings.

GReat *heart*, of this *great world*, that do'ſt inſpire
Each *vegetable*, with a *vitall fire:*
Monarch of *mines*, *confeſſor* to the *day*,
By whom the *rheumes* of *night* diſſolue away
By their *Cimmerian pennance*; that bids good morne
To euery *wren* that *ſings*, or *man* that's *borne:*
Thou, that beſtow'ſt a *penſion* of thy *light*,
(Like a true noble *maſter*, to whoſe might
An actiue *will* concurrs) to euery *groome*,
That ſerues in *office* of a *Planets* roome:
Thou, whoſe *attendants*, are fixt radiant *ſtars*,
Well quallified; not enuious *followers*
Of thy great *fortunes*, more then they admire
The *vertues*, not the *greatneſſe* of thy *fire:*
Vnlike moſt *great-men*, poore in rich *degrees*;
When their *men* loue his *fortunes*; more his *fees:*
And moſt attend (as doth a weathercockes vaine)
A *gale* of *ſutes*, then a right *noble traine:*
Such as the glorious *Sunne* (the *worlds* bright eie),
Rides *circuit*, with his *guard* of *maieſtie:*
Which ſince his *Kingly beames* all things create,
Of *Kings* weele ſing, and *moralize* his ſtate:
If buſie *Bees*, in *Hieroglyphicks* ſing,
Platoes great *common-wealth:* and teach a King,

The *politicks* of *state*, that from their *hiue*,
Distill sweet *maximes*, how great *Kingdomes* thriue,
Their stingleſſe *King*, that raignes in sweete *increaſe*,
Swarming in *Nectard prouinces* of *peace*:
Which when his *honie-grace*, in *progreſſe* flies,
A buſie *guard*, with *Argus* iealous *eies*,
Attends their dailie-*King*: in which we ſee,
Kings ſupreame *heads*, what *ſubiects* ought to bee:
If then this ſillie *emblem*, in diſguiſe,
And more ſententious *clouds* can moralize,
Such high *occurrences*, and intricate,
To tutor *Solon* in *affaires* of *State*:
What fearefull *palſie* ſhould my *pen* confine,
Since the *ſunne's* like a *King*: *Kings*, *Sunne-like* ſhine?
For, marke; the more this *kingly planet* goes
To his *meridian Zenith*, the more he throwes
His *warmth* vpon vs; and the more erect,
In his bright *Noone-carreer*, he doth reflect
His *beames* in double *lines*, the more doth ſpring
And proſper *Mines*, *Plants*, each *vegetiue* thing:
Likewiſe to *Kings*, ſuch *vertue* we applie,
Whoſe *Royall progreſſe* of true *Regencie*,
In his *meridian luſtre*, is deſir'd
Still to runne higher, and to rule admir'd,
Not *fear'd*, but *lou'd*; a happie *prop* of *ſtate*;
Cic. Odimus quos timemus Yet *godly feare* and *loue* to *Kings* we owne;
Who *feares* not them, for *iuſtice* can *loue* none:
Eu'n *Apes* at *full-moone* dance; then why not more,
Subiects at fuller *glory*, *Kings* adore:
He whoſe *fox't ſenſe*, of *innouations* dreames,
Lanish light; but die in darke *extreames*:

No

No longer ſhall our *peacefull ſhadowes* runne,
When in an equall *circle*, rides our *Sunne*:
Which, while there is a Sunne to meaſure *time*,
May our *Sunne ſhine*, within this *Britiſh Clime*:
And with his *Royall race*, run through the *Signes*
Of *Enuy* and *blacke treaſon*, of the *times*:
As at his *birth*, *Dame nature* hath expreſt,
Bearing the Signe of Leo in his Creſt:
For by old *ſawes* in *prophecies* foretold
The comming of this *Northerne Lion* bold:
The *Signe* of *Scorpio*, and the *Vipers-brood*,
Gowries blacke treaſon euer ſhal make good:
And that, which laſt, this fatall *ſigne* doth tell,
Was that *Sulphureous practice*, hatcht in *hell*,
Which ſince our *Sun* hath paſt; ſwimme *Peters keies*
In *Tibers* flood of your damn'd *treacheries*.
Since in the voice of *God*, the *people* crie,
Liue ſtill our radiant *Sunne* of *Maieſtie*:
And meaſure out the *Autum*, *Winter*, *Spring*,
In *Libra's* Signe: 'tis *Iuſtice* crownes a *King*:
Giue *light* and *motion*, vnto each *degree*,
Onely retaine thy influence *vprightly*.
But thoſe, like *Arteleſſe maſters*, doe commence
Maſters of *Art*, though not *Arts* excellence:
Yet, like the *Sunne*, *Kings* may their *beames* diſperſe,
With generall *freeneſſe* to the *vniuerſe*:
And ſhine on *common weedes*, and *fragrant flowers*,
Poore *ruin'd houſes*: and more *loftie Towers*:
Giue life to *inſect creatures*, and create,
Of things corrupted, things to generate:
There's not a *Flie*, a *Waſpe*, a *Scarabee*,
But ſhares the *Sunne*, with *Cæſars* maieſtie:

Vox populi vox Dei.

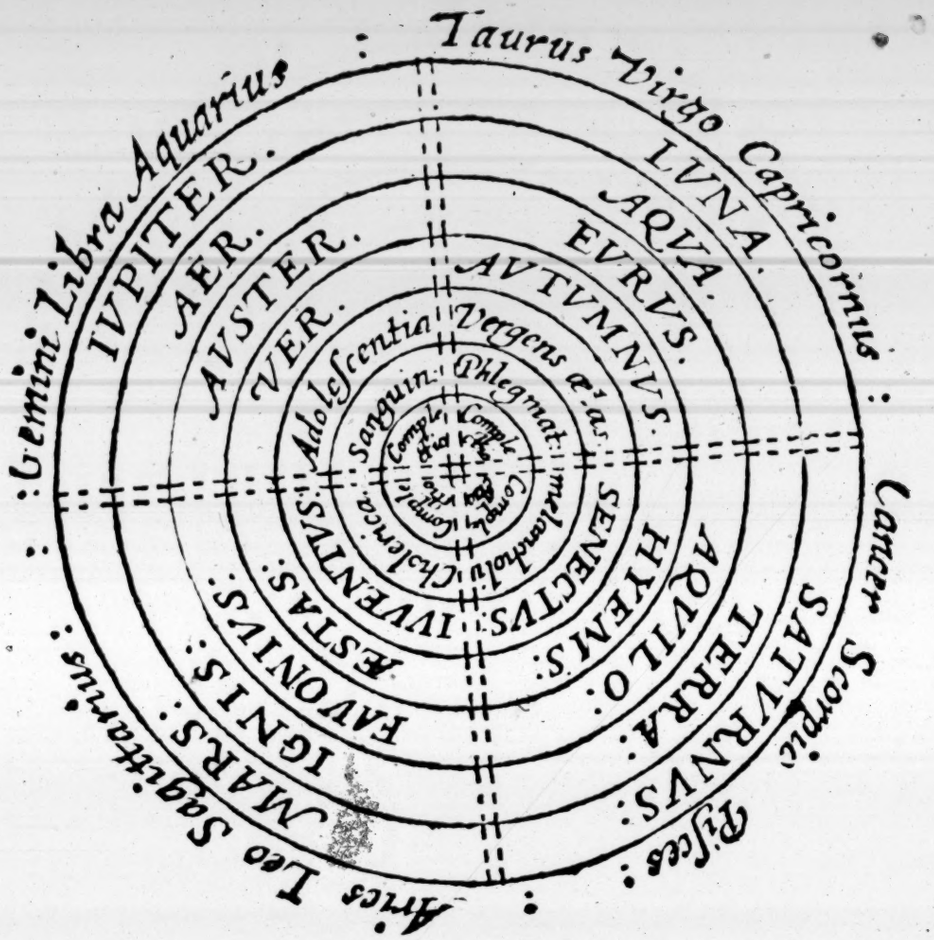
Corruptio vnius, generatio alterius.

Since then, the *Sunne-beames* are diffus'd to all,
And to the barbarous *Moore*, and *Christian* fall
In direct equall *lines*: what *foole*, precise,
Can question his free *beautie* how to rise:
If *Oracles* on *Socrates* bestow
A *golden Triuet*: who dare answere no.
Princes are *Oracles*, from whom no *cause*,
Can be demanded, onely *willes* are *lawes*:
Sunnes vnconfin'd, to shine where they shall please,
To hide-*scorcht Indians*: or the *Antipodes*:
Yet were they *Gods*, and infinite to *sense*,
Vntide to *circles*; or *circumference*
Of mortall *limitation*: being *diuine*,
Yet there are some *things*, that eu'n them confine
From absolute *freedome*: as not to haue a will,
To couet *contradictions*, or doe *ill*;
Both which, so stint the *vniuersall grace*
To perfect *actions*: that it leaues no place
To vnproportion'd *freedome*: which in *Kings*,
Infinite in power, finite *conditions* brings:
Besides; the Sunne, doth grace this *Hemisphеare*
With *Orientall beautie*, bright and cleare:
So, when our *Brittish Sunne*, rose from his *East*,
His *Kingly beames*, with *triple honours* blest,
Burnisht our *mufled darkenesse*, with such *rayes*,
As gaue a spritefull length, to our *blacke dayes*:
The *troubled ayre*, ingrost with *Icie-feares*,
Daun'st at the musick, of the iocund *Spheares*:
That then, if er'e *Pythagoras* did not lie,
In *Diapasons*, kept true *harmonie*:
Full *constellations*, in his *issue* shine,
Whose sweete *reflection*, euen to wealthie *Rhine*:

So

So dazels *admirations* feeble *ſenſe*,
As if the *Sunne* paid vſe for *influence*
From this bright *treaſure*: and ſo, bankrout, runne,
That *yeeres*, and *daies*, exchang'd for ſuch a *Sunne*:
Whoſe *beames*, ſo furniſht *forraine climes* with *light*,
That there our *morning-ſtarre*, chaſte vgly *night*
To his firſt *blacke confuſion*: and the *morne*
Laught with a *roaſie-cheeke*: when firſt was borne
Light, from our *light*: ſtill may our *new hopes* ſhine,
Like *fixed ſtarres* orbd in the *Palatine*:
Here could my *Muſe* turne *Courtier*, and direct,
Her *motion*, to their *motion* and *aſpect*:
And with a glozing *quill* inſinuate,
Into the breaſt of *greatneſſe*, and of *ſtate*:
And (*Ianus*-like) with complementall *grace*,
Gaze on theſe *ſunne-beames*, with a *dubble face*.
But that my *dutie*, bids me ſhew my *hart*;
Ladies, not *Subiects faces*, ſtudie *Art*:
Which in this *zealous Morall*, I haue done,
By *Iacobs-ſtaffe*, to looke on *Iacobs Sonne*:
But from the *King* of *light* I now decline,
To ſing of *lights*, that by his *lights* doe ſhine:
Leſt in this *tickliſh point* of *State* I treade
To much: ſuch feares ſaue many a *noble head*.

The beautious Princeſſe Elizabeth.


Taurus Virgo Capricornus
Cancer Scorpio Pisces
Aries Leo Sagittarius
Gemini Libra Aquarius
LVNA.
AQVA.
EVRVS.
AVTVMNVS.
SATVRNVS:
TERRA:
AQVILO:
HYEMS:
SENECTVS:
IVVENTVS:
ÆSTAS:
FAVONIVS:
IGNIS:
MARS:
IVPITER.
AER.
AVSTER.
VER.
Adolescentia
Vergens æ'as
Sanguin:
Phlegmat:
Cholerica.
Complexio
Complexio
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Complexio
Complexio
Complexio

REVERENDISSIMO IN CHRISTO
Patri Domino Archiepiſcopo, totius Angliæ Primo
& *Metropolitano*, *fauſtam & inexhauſtam*
precatur, muſarum par puſillus,
Robertus Anton,

Salutem in Domino.

Of Saturne. ♄

Reuerentiæ tuæ, ſanæ, cõſcientiæ, fidei, et ceteris virtutis tuæ dotibus deuotiſsimus; minutiſsimus ego huius mundi atomus, gratiæ tuæ ſolare iubar iubeo ſaluere. Inter tantam huius venenoſæ ætatis caligantem miſeriam, ecce quam diaphanum et perſpicuum apparet tuæ virtutis lumen, inter tantas et prodigioſas honoris eccliſpes, et defectus, ſphæra tui ſolis nullam patitur vim, aut conſcientiæ, aut famæ: ſed apud antipodes, et homines eccleſiæ oppoſitos, maximam conſequitur laudem; et æternum memoriæ obeliſcum. O glorioſum monumentũ, quod nec æs Cyprium, ſed virtutis extruxit artificiũ: ſed ô tempora (clamant aulici) de veneno! Cauſidici de iure corrupto! Clerici de beneficio! Quis Iupiter hæc ſuſpiria demulcet; ſunt hæc mortalium communia (abſit) vt ſint prodigia in hac catholica lacrymarum Abyſſo, ſympathia quadã patior ego Academicus, quis ſatyromaſtix mordicus, non erit impatiens? cũ monſtra hæc cũ tanto ſtrepitu tam horrendum emittunt fœtum; et terra, cum cœlo patitur violentiam: heu quanta patimur! cum muſarum alumni fulmine hoc attoniti obſtupeſcimus: modulamur lepide, viuimus miſere: non vbera porrigit mater

ter Academia: vt nobis apud ecclesiasticos dari vacuum; apud philosophos nequaquam clamitant vulgi, non esse motum generationis, sed corruptionis: hæc communis glossa populi; hinc lachrimæ nostræ; hinc singultus, et gemitus virtutis penè sepultæ: quæ adeo squalida, et pannosa apparet: vt nulla fides fronti: Asylum tuum inter hæc effligito: tu qui Athois strenue effulges obstaculum, mihi adsis et opusculo, propugnaculum, quod scripsi, tua venerabili, et paterna indulgentia, nullam patietur apostasiam, aut authorem suum abnegabit: lurida ætas suauiorem non meretur fabulam, aut cantilenam; quàm vitiosam illius corruptelam acctoso plectro profligare; cetera sileo: supplex pro tua in terris vita, in cœlis corona, militans ego non triumphans musophilos finem impono.

Gratiæ tuæ et summæ pietati deuotissimus

Robertus Anton.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHERS SECOND Satyr of Saturne. ♄

THe next aboue this kingly *Planets* place,
Higheſt of all, is *Saturn's* ſullen *face:*
Pale, and of *aſhie colour*, male content;
A *Catelline*, to mortall *temperament:*
That would blow vp the *Capitol* of *man*
With *enuious influence*; melencholy, wan;
And much reſembling, a deepe plodding *pate*,
Whoſe ſallow *iawbones*, ſinke with *waſting hate*
At others *ſtreames* of *fortunes*; whil'ſt alone
His ſhallow *current* dries with laſting *moane:*
And if there hate be in a heauenly *breſt*,
This *Plannet* with that *furie* is poſſeſt;
Suſpending our propention, with bad fate,
Inſpiring *Tragick plots*, of *death* and *hate*;
Torturing our *inclinations* (like a *wrack*)
To *diſmal proiects*, ominous, and black
Prodigious thoughts, and *deepe-fetcht treacheries*,
Beating the *skul* with *ſullen phantaſies*.
And marke what downe-caſt *looks* we ſee in Nature,
This *Planet* fathers for a fatall *creature:*
And each profound *plot*, drawne from ſullen *earth*,
From *Saturn's* ſpirit, is inſpir'd with *birth:*
And yet *Philoſophers* affirmed thus,
That *Saturniſts* were moſt ingenious; *Ariſt. l. 4. probl. 15.*
Who long retaine their great *Italian-hate*,
Wittie in nothing, but things deſperate;
To glut reuenge, with ſtudious memorie
Of ſhallow *wrongs*, or ſome ſlight *iniurie*.

VVhich if this be his wit to ſtudy *ill*,
Take my *wits* mad-man, leaue me *ſimple ſtill*:
Vnder this *dogged ſtarre*, th'infected moode
Of diſcontented *Graduates*, hatch their *broode*,
Flying like *ſwallowes* from the *winters* froſt
To warme *preferment*, in a forren *coaſt*;
And there vent all their long digeſted *hate*
In *ſcandalous volumes* gainſt the *King* and *State*:
Flying from *Tarſus* to proud *Niniuie*,
Recuſants both in *faith* and *loyaltie*;
Apoſtates in *religion* when they pleaſe,
Brauely to mount the *Croſſe*, they croſſe the *Seas*.
Theſe from this *humerous Planet* ſuck their *birth*,
Leauing deepe *wounds* vpon their mother *earth*:
What *cauſe* hath mou'd thee, thou deep *malecontent*,
To change thy *faith* with the *aires Element*?
Animum cum cœlo mutant. If *Angli*, are cald *Angeli*: Oh, tell,
Why hath their *pride*, thrown theſe frō *heauen* to *hel*?
Is it, becauſe thou haſt ſung ſweete in all
The liberal *Arts*, and now through *want* dooſt fall?
Or dooſt thou wonder at *pluralities*,
Impropriations, or *abſurdities*
Of a *lay Patron*, that doth ſtill preſent
An *aſſe*, before a *grand proficient*?
Why, maruell not at theſe prepoſterous *crimes*,
That very *Heathen men* in former *times*
Haue ſcoft at, in exceſſe of bitter *ieſt*,
And like true prophets thus theſe *times* expreſt:
Giue to thy *Cooke* (ſaith th'one) full *twenty pound*;
To thy *foole ten*: but to a man profound,
As thy *Phyſitian*, *ten groates* ſhall ſuffice:
Thus, thus appeares a *Scholers* miſeries.

For

For ſhould *blind Homer* come to ſing his ſong,
With *Lyrick ſweetneſſe*, or the *Muſes* tongue;
Had he all *languages* that firſt began,
At the *confuſion* to aſtoniſh man;
Yet with a *Coachman*, he durſt not contend
For wages, though *Apollo* ſtood his friend,
For thriue they cannot by the *ſacred Arts*.
A *Coachman*, *Taylor*, or the *Faulkeners* parts,
Dwell in the *breaſt* of *greatneſſe*: but indeed
Time muſt haue *changes*, though all *vertue* bleede:
Yet I could wiſh to turne the ſullen *tide*,
Of their dull *Planet*, to a rectified
And more calme *motion*; and a while reſtraine
The turbulent *billowes* of their ſullen vaine,
VVith temperat *moderation*; to appeaſe
In *Halcion-ſmoothenes*, all thoſe rougher *ſeaes*
Of *paſsion*, and ſequeſterd *diſcontent*,
No *aire* ſo ſweet as their owne *Element*:
As *death* to *fiſh*, torne from their naturall *place*,
Expires their waterie *ſpirits*: in like caſe,
That man, that from his naturall *mother* flies,
Buried in *ſtrangers* earth, his dutie dies;
Yet *time* may calme that *hot-ſpur'd violence*
Of fugitiue Saturniſts, as in *naturall ſenſe*
We ſee in *heauie bodies*, throwne by force,
By *ſtrong compulſion*, thwarting natures *courſe*;
Chaſing the *aire*, with ſtrong actiuitie,
Yet towards his end, the *moouing facultie*,
Chaſt with precedent *motion*, faints and dies,
And in *conſumption*, to his *center* hies.
VVhich is the *cauſe*, why *motions violent*,
(Their *ſpirits* ſpent) creepe to their *Element*,

Zabarell lib. 1. de motu grauium & leuium.

Which firſt were made of *motion*, ſith at laſt
That *vertue* dies, by which he firſt was caſt
As farre from his beginning. So *time* ſhall change
Their *violent paſſions*, who are borne to range;
Tranſported with a *furious diſcontent*,
When all their Romiſh *witchcrafts* hath neere ſpent
Their violent motion, then with deere-bought *paine*,
They moue vnto their *ſweete-aire* once againe.
Yet truſt not to the mercie of the *yeeres*,
To reconcile, by time, that which appeares
Times ſhame, in thy originall deſpaire;
Once fall'n, *heauens* may (but wondrouſly) repaire:
For though *relapſes*, are not cured with eaſe,
Venienti occurrite morbo. He's ſafe, that meetes his firſt *ſpice* of *diſeaſe*:
Which to preuent, leaue of that *ſurgerie*,
That makes your *ſoule* a bare *Anatomie*;
And cuts the *fleſh*, of your more bleeding *land*,
With *Lions* hearts, not with a *Ladies* hand.
In *poyſons*, *counterpoyſons* doe contend,
Rather liue *here* poore, then at *Rome* offend;
Vſe *learning* as a *looking-glaſſe*, to ſee
What others are in thy *infirmitie*:
But not as *burning-glaſſes* gainſt the *Sunne*,
To force a *fire* to thy ambition:
But as *Archimedes* his cunning plies,
That by reflection, burnt whole *Argos-eies*
With *artificiall glaſſes*: ſo from each hart,
His *Countries* good, tithes the moſt *punctuall part*
Non nobis ſolum nati. Of *Art*, and *Nature*, whoſe diuided *ends*,
Shares euerie man, to *Countrie*, *Kings*, and *Friends*.
The *ſeuen wiſe Sages* of *Philoſophie*,
Whom *golden pages*, keepe in memorie,

In

In ſpight of *Enuy*, crownd *Art* with this *praiſe*,
Their *countreys* wore the *Oliue*, they the *Bayes:*
Which ſhowes, that *Monarchies* or *Policy*
Diuided into this *triplicity*, *Ariſtocratta.*
Then on a ſollid *baſe*, did firmly ſtand, *Democratia.*
When *Art* was pure *reſtoratiue* to their *land*: *Monarchia.*
And prickt no *veine*, of their owne natiue *elime*,
But gaue a temperet *dyet* to the *time*:
Vrging no forraine *nations*, to enforce
Their *naturall tempers*, croſſe to *natures* courſe:
Then *learning* floriſht, without *Sophiſtry*,
Or mixture of ſelfe-pleaſing *phantaſie*:
Reaſon, did checke an high opinion'd *minde*.
And *Schollers*, like ſome wealthy men definde,
To be but *ſimplex animall*: that then,
Like *citizens* now, were held the ſureſt *men:*
Vertue was then a *habit* of the *minde*
Without *equiuocation*: and confinde,
To his true *obiect* of *beatitude*,
Diuided from the *world*, or *multitude*
Of *popular prayſes*: *Arts* did then deſpiſe,
The *ſecular habits* of *great vanities*:
Liu'd richly reuerent, in poore ſimple weeds,
Without Monaſticke *hoods*, did *Saint-like deeds:*
Had neither *pride*, to enuie, whom doth riſe,
Nor *Patron*, to beſtow a *benefice*:
And did ſupply poore *nature* with poore *clothes*,
Dranke when a *thirſt*, and eate when *hunger* growes;
Gaue no *gratuities*, but to preſent
A worthleſſe *Dunce*, (to *ſcholler s diſcontent:*)
And hire a ſimple *Curate*, ſcarcely paide,
With as much *wages*, as a *laundry-mayde:*

Liu'd without *grumbling*, or *ambitious hate*,
And ſlept contented with an *humble fate*;
The *Arts contemn'd men* of high ſwelling *rankes*,
And ſcarce to *Alexander* would giue thankes,
For viſiting their *tub*: ſo much their hate
Scorn'd the prowd painted *ſepulchers* of *ſtate*.
Learning did then liue pure in *Paradice*;
But ſince her fall, to pride and auarice,
And al *diſeaſes* that infect, the *Arts*
Do rot and putrifie their *knowing parts*:
Since theſe contagions, *learning* is poſſeſt;
Theſe make the *muſicke* of a learned *breſt*,
Iarre in harſh *diſcords*, and vnrelliſht *ſtraines*;
And do corrupt the moſt refined *braines*,
With *Saturnes ſnarling ſpirit, groſſe and dull*,
Inſpiring *rage* into a patient *skull*;
For when we ſee, that in the *Muſes chaire*,
Midas is *Iudge*, and *vertue* muſt deſpaire
Of a right worthy *Patron*; *Faunius* preach,
Where once *Apollo* did ſweet *muſicke* teach:
Arachne, with *Minerua* doth compare;
Dunces with *Doctors*, and their betters farre:
This makes the worthy *Artiſt*, dull and ſad,
And *rare deſerts*, moſt melancholy mad:
Yet thus much know you, whoſe deep *Genius* clan
The honor of a *Scholler*, not the names:
When *Iupiter* tooke all the *Arts* of price,
To *heauen* with *vertue*: and left onely *vice*
In ſtead of iuſtice, and white chaſtitie;
Vnto the *earth* left *bribes* and *ſymonie*:
Yet in a *boxe*, he onely *hope* did ſpare,
To wretched man, that neuer leaues him bare.

Another

Another ſort of theſe dull *ſectariſts*,
Are our moſt ſupercilious *Humoriſts*:
Who *Saturniſde* with this vnkinde *aſpect*,
Goes (as a plodding *Lawyer*) circumſpect,
As though his braine-*pan* thro'd of ſome great ſtrain,
Tor ide from *Yorke*, to *London* backe againe;
His *eyes* looke like two ſoyled *tablebookes*,
In which are written moſt obſeruant lookes:
His formall *brow*, contracted to a *frowne*;
Lookes like the *Maior* of ſome *Puritan* towne,
Spic'd with auſteereſt *ſchiſme*; that ſcarce will ſee
A *Maypole*, to be nearer *heauen* then hee:
As ſterne as *Socrates*, or *Catoes* grace,
That ne're was ſeene, to change their ſullen *face*:
As crabtree *brow'd* as *Iudges* at a *Size*,
That dart their hanging *terrors* from their eyes:
Profeſt deepe *politicians*, theſe we call;
Yet farre from ſtate, and depth politicall:
Although their *trauels*, well do vnderſtand
Sweete *Sion*: and the bleſſed *holy-land*:
Iudeas ruines, and the raced *Towers*
Of great *Ieruſalem*, by *Titus* powers:
The ſacred *relickes* of that *tombe*, they made,
VVherein our *Sauiours* body *Ioſeph* laide:
The *worlds* ſeuen *wonders*, whom all *times* prefer
To be *Mauſolus* ſtately *ſepulcher*.
Egypts *Pyramides* the *ſecond* is:
The *third* the *Obeliske* of *Semiramis*:
The *fourth*, the rich *Coloſſi* of the *Sonne*,
At *Rhodes*: the *fifth* the *walls* of *Babylon*:
The *ſixth*, *Dianes temple* (as appeares)
That was in building two and twentie *yeares*:

The *scuenth* and last, was that most curious *frame*,
Of *Iupiter* Olympus, knowne by *Fame*.
All which because they can with *points* relate,
They boldly challenge *eminence* in *state*:
And walke with mumbling, and a grim neglect,
As if each *stone* were bound to giue respect,
With notice of their *trauells*, that haue runne,
Their *progresse* through the *world* from *sunne*, to *sun*:
As if the *state* (like *Gray-hounds*) thought *men* fit,
For *footmenship*, and not for searching *wit*:
A *horse* of *Barberie*, that scowers the ground,
Or *Drake*'s fleete *Pinnis*, that did dance the *round*,
About the *world*, in *trauell* can compare
With the most proudest *traueller*, that dare
Cut the burnt *line*: or with *Transalpine* state,
Contend in *pilgrimage* with *Coryat*.
T'is not bare *trauell* that can make men wise,
But this from *man*, not from the *Climates* rise:
Gold makes not *India* rich, but *India* poore,
Sith their *men* want, although their *mines* haue store:
Though *Alchimy* do beare a glorious *glosse*,
Compar'd with *gold*, t'is *bullion*, and base *drosse*:
Things superficiall, in state ne're agree,
Without dimension of *profunditie*:
Desert, and not *opinion* of their *merit*,
Shall grace a *Sceane* of *state*: when as the spirit
Of a true *information* personates
In liuely *actions*, both to *kings* and *states*,
Abilitie to shew how *kingdomes* thriue,
And to be *practicke*, not *contemplatiue*,
Like *Cæsar*'s *Parrat*, these can only sound,
Aue to *Cæsar*; but in talke profound,

And

And *mazes* of true *politicks* of *State*,
That towſe graue *heads* with *windings* intricate:
Th'are like the gates of *Myndus*, built ſo wide,
As if *Diogenes* aloud had cride;
Ho, fooles of *Myndus*, keepe you in thoſe *ſtraites*,
Leſt that your *citie* doe runne through your *gates*;
Lord-like, theſe trauell, and doe ſpend the time
Onely for *faſhions* in a forraine *Clime*,
Without obſeruant ſearching of the *hart*,
Of *nations*, *cuſtomes*, or the rationall *part*
Of fundamentall *pollicie*; and with *faſhion*
Are more tranſform'd, then form'd in their creatiõ.
Yet, like an antick *mountibanck* commends
The vertue of his *drugges*: and then pretends
Experience of his *oyles* farre fetcht from hence;
How forraine States admired his *excellence*,
when he (perhaps) this *taske* did entertaine
For *three* to *one* at his returne againe:
Yet theſe *Italionated* antick *ſhapes*,
Tranſform'd from men to *immitationes Apes*,
Like *Hyppocentaures*, or ſome monſtrous *creature*,
Chang'd from pure *Engliſh*, to *outlandiſh nature*:
Or rather, in both *ſexes* take delight,
Diuided halfe, like an *Hermophrodite*,
From their owne *faſhions*, moſt doe alienate,
Like *monſtrous births*, and *kindes degenerate*:
When their fond *trauell* at the deereſt price,
Brought nothing home, but their *ill faſhioned vice*:
Fond-medling-*fooles*, that beare the *character*,
Of that poore-carping, and *baſe-ſhoomaker*,
That checks *Apelles* in his curious *frame*;
Goe not beyond your *laſt*, leſt to your ſhame,

Your sullen *humors* to that *Orbe* aspire,
Where your *pride* burnes you in your pollitick *fire*.
Packe to the *center* you dull-pated *slaues*,
And there in grosse and melancholly *caues*,
Vie *mischiefes* with your *Planet*, and let *state*
Be left to him, that shares a worthier *fate*:
Those, whom bright *honour* and *intelligence*
Of their *high secrets*, crownes with *reuerence*
Of *age* and *sollide iudgement*: those whose *paines*
(Like *Chimes* at *midnight seasons*) strikes their *braines*
With *vigilantest motion*; whose desire,
Like to a Glasse-house, keepes continuall fire
Of zealous *flames*, whose stately *honours* rise,
Euen from the *ashes* of that *sacrifice*:
That in whose *Hecatombes* of loyall *blood*,
Their *Noble houses* euer haue made good,
Vnto their *Prince* and *Countrie*; such shall ride,
Like *Ariadnes honours* stellified,
Throughout the *milke-white circle*, and there shine,
To *forraine nations* in that *golden line*
Of Roman *Curtius*; till the marble hart
Of *enuie* and *detraction* breake and part
From his staru'd *karcas*; and *times* Almanack,
With golden *Epacts* and *new Moones* doe crack
The sturdie *ioynts* of *Ephemerides*,
With yeerely *Sunnes*, and annuall *compasses*:
Whose *merit*, euen the voice of *God* proclaimes,
With voice of all the *people*, in the names
Of our most reuerent *Senate*; in which *place*
Our graue *Patricians*, more then th'outward grace,
Stands like a *Center*, from whose *point* diuine,
To *Brittanis Circle* comes an *equal line*

Of

Of ſtate and *conſcience*; which but drawne frõ hence,
Makes vp an honor'd *ſtate-circumference.*
'Tis not *quickſiluer'd-ſpirits* that can run,
Throughout the vaine of *earth* with *motion*
Of vnconcockted *trauels*, that can merit
The name of a *State-mettall*; till the ſpirit,
By which his *actiue nature* ſtill goes round,
Betempered with more maſſie *ſtuffe* and *ſound*
That in the winding *Laberynth* of *ſtate*,
Iudicious *eares* may rightly terminate
The moſt large *bodies* of the ranging *time*,
To a confin'd and *ſuperficiall line*:
Not *trauell*, but the *minds* graue reſidence,
That, like the Sunnes vnited excellence,
Collected to the *center* of the *glaſſe*:
With greater vertue doth the *obiect* paſſe,
Makes a true *Stateſ-man*: as in *natures courſe*,
Not euery *motion* can produce a *force*
To be the *cauſe* of *heate*, as in the *Sunne*
We feele more *heate*, when his hot *beames* doe runne
vnited, not diſperſt: ſo fit for *ſtate*
Are *iudgements ſetled*, and *moſt temperate*,
Not *errant* like a *Planet*, but at reſt
Like the *Poleſtarre* with in his conſtant *breſt*.
Then thou that ſnarl'ſt at their tranſcendent *ranke*,
And art thy ſelfe like ſome poore *Mountibanke*
Made vp of *drugges* and *tongues* of euery *land*,
More fit for *Ordinaries*, then *command*
In the *Abyſſe* of *ſtate*: that with profound
And *perpendicular iudgements*, plumbes the *ground*
Of euery *ſcruple*, with deepe *beames* diuine,
Euen to th'vnmeaſured *bottom* of each *Mine*,

Omnis motus non eſt cauſa calorss. Scaliger.

The infinite *thought* creates: repent thus farre,
Curſe thy *Dog-daies*, and rate thy ſullen *ſtarre*;
Packe *foole* to *French-Baloone*, and there at play,
Conſume the *progreſſe* of thy *ſullen day*:
For ſuch light *paſtimes* ſuite a *giddy braine*;
Or if thy *muddy* and *groſſe feeding vaine*,
Muſt needs be ſpic'd with *Saturne*: walke *More-fields*,
The *ſhades* of *malecontents*; whoſe *cauſes* yeelds
Whole ſholes of *trauellers*: there may thine *eies*
Surfet, to ſee thy *dull aſpect* ariſe,
And *Planet-ſtrike* the *Organ* of thy *ſence*,
With *groſſe* and melancholly *influence*,
Caſt *here* and *there* with enuious *characters*,
On *lymping Souldiers*, and *wild trauellers*,
That ſit a Sunning vnder ſome *greene tree*,
VVondring what *riches* are, or *rich men* be.
But leauing theſe vnto the ſilent night,
Raw aires and *hayecockes*: and the beſt delight
Of ſuch poore *Graſſhoppers*, that onely ſing
The *Summer* of their *yeares* with wandring,
Of *fruitleſſe voiages*. Next we preſent
A *gratious ſtarre*, faire, and benenolent:
Drope *Saturne* with thy *ſullens* to the earth,
VVhil'ſt *Ioues* bright *ſtar* gets more auſpicious *birth*

Of Iubiter.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE CHARLES a long life, mortall and immortall.

O you ſweet Prince I ſacrifice theſe lines,
Princes ſhould liue by princely diſciplines:
'Tis moſt collaterall Manna, Angels foode,
It's not ſo princely to bee great as good.
Planets rule man: but Princes, as they are
Cald gods, ſway vs; by vertue rule their ſtarre,
What almanaks haue written in their praiſe
In you haue greater power, that oreſwaies
The doubt of art: *for certainely we know*
The full Moones of your vertues, how they grow:
I wiſh your life may runne, as doth your ſtarre
Orbd noblie, and moſt nobly regular,
Or rather more: for heauenly things aboue
If they but croſſe vs, haue more hate, then loue

The teeming plowman thus will curſe their powers,
When ſtarres doe promiſe more in ſhew, then ſhowers:
But you are farre more proſprous, and ſhall ſhine
Bleſt in your influence, mortall and diuine.
Enough is ſaid, in fine, this booke ſhall tell.
Tis good to be borne great, *beſt to doe* well.

Your graces poore Subiect,

R. A.

THE PHILOSOPHERS THIRD Satyr of Iupiter. 4

NOt *Iupiter*, transform'd to many *ſhapes*,
His *tranſmutations*, or *celeſtiall ſcapes*;
Amorous imbracings, and *adulterate fires*,
Hot ſcalding paſsions, and *vnchaſt deſires*:
Nor of his *tri-form'd thunder* we deſcribe,
That *mauld* th'aſpiring *Giants* for their pride:
But of a *heauenly bodie*, from whoſe *merit*,
Heroick actions drawe a *noble ſpirit*.
Vnder this ſtately and *maieſticke ſtarre*,
Made happie by the raigne of *Iupiter*;
Are all thoſe *royall actions* ſweetly ſung
By our *Welch Bards*: or the *poettick tongue*
Of rauiſhing *Lyrickes*; whoſe high *Muſes* ſings
Starre-kiſsing Poems, of the ſtate of *Kings*:
The ſwelling *tide* of *time*, whoſe mightie *flood*,
Like to an *Ocean*, curl'd the *ſtreames* of *blood*
Of *Kings* and *Worthies*, with true honour died,
Vnder this Princely *Planet* ſtellified.
True noble *ſparkes*, that can the *ſoule* define
In honord *perſons*, in this *Planet* ſhine;
And giues *eſſentiall formes* to *royall bloods*,
Eternall to their *names*, more then their *goods*
Or *fortunes* can *diſtinguiſh*; and *deriues*
True *honor* not in *name*, but in their *liues*.
Gentilitie from *hence* ſo *riches* bred,
That like a *ſilke-worme*, it ſpinnes out his *web*,
That others might giue *armes*, and weare his *good*,
More rich in *vertues*, then blaz'd forth in *blood*.

Young

Young *Alexander* (whose *triumphant hand*,
Like some great *earthquake* shooke the sollid *land*,
With *warlike rufflings* of his *princely mind*,
By this *aspect* was at his birth assigned
To *honord enterprices*: and from *hence*,
Imperiall scepters draw their *eminence*;
And euery *noble action* of high fame,
That giues to *honor* an *immortall name*:
To *Chronicles* and *times*, this *starre* doth blesse,
With an eternall *Trophie* of *successe*.
Which since his *Princely flames* scornes *common men*,
In a *heroicke furie* chases our *pen*:
Tell me, thou *Royall States man* to the *Sunne*,
Great *signior* of the *worlds perfection*;
High Treasurer, for *honourable brests*,
That with *imperiall* wreathes adornes their *crests*:
Where are those *Heroes*, whom *Iupiter*
Did *canonize*, euen in their *Sepulcher*:
And after *death* blest with thy *influence*,
Ensphcard their *soules* with thy *intelligence*.
Crane vp true *honor* through the horned *Moone*
That now vsurpes the *day*, and shames bright *noone*,
With their *confused actions*: where are those
That had more *honour* in their *minds* then *clothes*;
Great *Cæsars* Court did shine with warlick *hands*,
Ieer *Atlas*. Ieer, and laugh at *yellow bands*,
That now do *staine the times*. Tell *Iupiter*
The worlds mad after *Safforn*: and preferre,
A most *fur-reuerence fashion* (like a *purge*),
Before the conquest of the *worlds* large *verge*:
Gentilitie lookes like some painted *whoore*,
Whom *wise men pittie*, though *times-Bauds* adore:

Rather

Rather bright *ſtarre* of *heauen* drop from thy *place*,
And kiſſe the *Chaos*, then thy *ſmiles* diſgrace
On their *natiuities*, that doe pretend
Their *linage* from the Sunne, which loath doth lend
His *beames* to ſuch *corruptions* purified,
As that moſt noiſome *muckhill* of their pride
Whoſe *vapors* ſtuffe the *organ* of mans *ſenſe*
With ſuch *mortalitie* of *peſtilence*,
That each phantaſtick corner of the *land*,
Stinkes with *infection* of a *yellow band*:
And yet can boaſt their *gentry* from a *ſtarre*
Kinde in *coniunction*, and familiar
To their high Fates. Laugh, Laugh *Democritus*,
Heer's a right *Comedie*, though vicious,
To ſtretch foorth all thy *powers* to *exceſſe*,
And fat thy *heart* with mortall *fooliſhneſſe*:
Theſe are thoſe *atomes* of *nobilitie*,
Which in thy *ſchoole* thou taugh'ſt erroneouſly,
To be the *worlds* beginning. Laugh fond *Sir*:
Such *moates* of *gentri* emakes a *Vſurer*.
Raile foule-mouth'd *Cinick*, lend thy *lanthorne* here,
That to thy *candles* brightneſſe may appeare
Theſe *Scums* of *gentrie*; turne my *beagle-Muſe*
To *laſh* theſe *Butterflies*, that doe abuſe
The *name* of that bright *Planet*, that ſhootes forth
More *virtue*, then their *Tailors-billes* are worth:
And if my *Satyr*, gently letting *blood*,
Might of true *nobler breſts* be vnderſtood,
What we call *honor* or *Nobilitie*;
Who knowes not *vertue* is *gentilitie*: *Virtus vera nobilitas.*
An *habit* of the *minde*, not of the *clothes*,
Which euery poore *Logician* truly knowes;

To be in diuers *Categories* plac'd,
The one in qualitie, the other grac'd
With *Art* and *Scituation*: *Courtiers* then
Would scorne such gaudy *Gallifoists* of men:
And rather fill their *honord traine* with *starres*,
Such whose vnspotted *vertues* weares no *Scarres*
Of *bankerout Citizens*, that weares his *owne*,
Omnia mea mecum porto. Like *Byas* still about *him*, and not growne
To *suits* with *excesse* in *sutes* of *trust*,
Filling his *hot veines* with *insatiat lust*,
To *formes* of *alteration*: yet at last
Is alwaies *poore* in *vertue*, *rich* in *wast*.
The *honor* of this *Planet* shewes the *minde*,
And not the *cast-clothes* of some *fawning hinde*,
That by *obseruance* to his mightie *Lord*,
Hath crept into good *outsides* by a *word*,
Bought afore *moud*. For some poore *office* feede,
That now is fallen to helpe the *busie neede*,
Of some poore *Groome*. Great *Iupiter* forbeare,
To hurle thy *influence* from thy *princely Spheare*,
That these may claime their most *abortiue birth*,
Vpon this *leastall* of this noisome *earth*.
From thy *heroick flames*, as from their *fire*:
But to right *noble brests*, giue *nobler fire*.
Let such adore thy *rising* in thy *East*,
That feele an *honord furie* in their *breast*,
Charme all *ignoble-thoughts*; and with the *age*,
Leaue *reliques* of his *honord pilgrimage*,
Euen to his speaking-*marble*, that his *stone*
May swet with *memorie*, and his *dust* bemone,
The liueleſſe *forme* of his dead *Element*,
Hearst vp in *death*: whose liuing-*Monument*,

Can

Can, with this heauenly Ecco, thus reſound,
Prince (*Henries*) ſteps hath taught vs the ſame grou̅d
Of noble *buildings*: and ſince him ſucceds,
A Princely *Iupiter* in *noble-deeds*,
And *honord hopes*: how then can *honour* er,
That ſhares the ſpirits of this *Iupiter*,
And *Princely beames*: whoſe *motion* moſt direct,
Treads worthie of ſo *bright* and *faire* aſpect,
That trebled at his *birth* his princely *rayes*.
Behold *great Prince*, what in theſe *Antick dayes*,
May make true *honor* currant, and exclude
The *ends* of high *blouds* from the *multitude*
And fire of baſer *ranckes*; that when your *age*
Shall come to vnderſtand the *Bedlame* rage
Of this *diſtracted time*, and ripely ſee
That not by *reaſon*, but baſe *phantaſie*,
Reflext from our *opinions*: we define
Honours to be the *faſhion* of the *time*:
Like coloured *Rainebowes* that deceiue our *eies*
With ſuperficiall *ſhapes* of *vanities*,
And with mature and clearer *beames* of *ſight*
Diſtinguiſh of all *obiects* of the *light*,
In your *perſpicuous iudgement*; then your *ſenſe*
Shall in one *point* vnite the difference
Of what a long time, your too tender *eie*,
Your *Organ* not diſpoſ'd, could ne're diſcrie:
Then all things rightly ſet, the *Medium* faire,
And the moſt groſſe *parts* of this ſinfull *aire*,
Diaphanall and cleare, your *eie* ſhall ſee,
That the true *ſpecies* of *nobilitie*
Is not th'*extreame* and outward viſible *part*,
But the profound concealement of the *hart*,

Exempt from outward *fashions* so appli'd,
As it is *truly noble*, without *pride*,
Or *forraine imitation*, but intire
To his owne *fashion*; made not to *admire*,
But to attire poore *nature*, and to draw
The peoples *hearts*, with an obsequious *awe*,
Vnto the *Commons loue*: not *common gaze*
Of *Player-like-fashions*: for *true honors* praise,
Is like the blessed *Hebrew tongue* so strange,
That in *confusions* it did neuer change
His *primitiue pureneſſe*; and how vnlike we be
To *heauenly bodies* in *simplicitie*,
In *motion* and in *formes*: speake *heauens* in *thunder*,
And rate this *mad world* in a *peale* of *wonder*:
That euer since the *order* of thy *frame*,
Keepes still one *fashion*, and *moues* still the *same*:
Pithagoras his opinion. Nor is the *soule* (as fond *Pithagoras* said)
Of a true *noble man*; to be conuaid
By *transmigration*, or *phantastick shapes*,
Into the *bodies* of such *Zainie-Apes*,
As *fashions* make the *English*: but assigned
To the immortall *vertue* of the *mind*:
That's not traduc'd, or mixt of *elements*,
But of the most infused *temperaments*,
Subiect to no mortalitie of *Fate*,
Except base *actions* doe degenerate,
From that immortall and pure *quinteſſenſe*;
That *vertue* giues vs in our innocence;
From which, if *honor* by relapse digreſſe,
We lose that *paradice* of *happineſſe*,
Where *honor* was created: and that *place*,
Where *vertue* did infuse *originall grace*

Into

Into a great mans *ſoule: Princes* may eate
Of euery *tree*, that *vertue* made for *meate*,
Onely that *tree*, in midd'ſt of *Eden* ſpred,
The *tree* of *vice*: a *touch* of *that* ſtrikes dead:
Thinke what it is, great *Prince*, that makes you liue
Greater, then you were borne: when *worth* ſhall giue
Vnto your *actions* ſuch a long-liu'd *fame*,
As to all *ages* ſhall enrowle your *name*:
And ſuch is *vertue*, that can ne're exſpire,
But like a *Salamander* liues in *fire*,
And *furie* of the *tines*; and there ne're burnes.
After the *funerall aſhes* of our *Vrnes*:
For 'tis not that *great title*, that you weare
Of *princely greatnes*, and a *future feare*:
That can make you *controler* of the *ſtarres*,
Or write your *name* in endleſſe *Characters*
To all *poſterities*: nor iſt *applauſe*,
Or *popularitie*, that can giue *cauſe*,
To make you liue for euer: but in fine,
'Tis *vertue* giues a *Godhead*, makes diuine;
Not *Cæſars* birth made *Cæſar* to ſuruiue,
But *Cæſars* vertues, that are yet aliue.
Great *Alexander Homers Iliades* read,
Whoſe *vertues* made him liue, when he was dead.
A great mans *vices* dammes his *fame* ſo deepe,
Ther's no redemption, when his *vertues* ſleepe:
Actions crowne *vertues*, and like *Pulſes* prooue,
Whether the *ſoule* of *greatneſſe* ſweetly mooue
With *Natures harmony*: which ſtanding ſtill,
Or faintly beating, ſhewes them *dead* or *ill*.
All this (ſweet *Prince*) is to inſtruct your *youth*,
Without *equiuocation* to the *truth*,

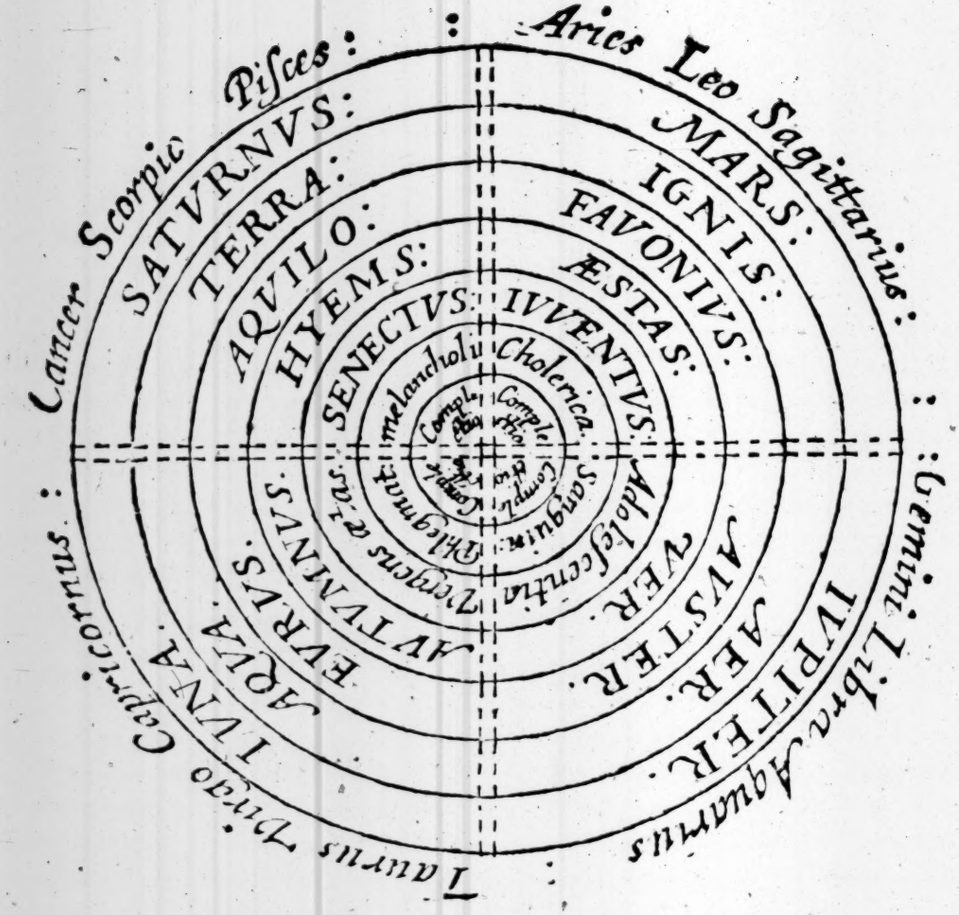
Of *honourable actions*, that doe riſe
And mount by *vertue*, to poſſeſſe the *skies*:
For marke but that *diuorce*, that *time* hath ſude
From ſuch a *Kingly troope* and multitude,
Of *memorie* and *fame*, and with their *toombe*,
Buried their *honours* with an equall *doome*.
In *ſilence* and *oblivion*, you ſhall ſee,
That *vertue* reades the *Art* of *memorie*;
And can doe *miracles* euen from the dead,
To raiſe true *worth* by *time* canonized:
And fetch new *breath* in *princes*, when our *ſhame*
And *vice* in *Lymbo* ſhall *ramme* vp our *name*,
What *pen* ſhall blaze that Epicures dam'd *vaine*
That wiſht his licoriſh *pallate* like a *Crane*
In *ſurfets*, and high ſparklings *healthes* of *wine*.
Vnleſſe ſome *Satyr* with his *laſhing line*,
Flea his *abuſe*: or elſe the *ſtage* hath ſtung
His *life* and *vice* with ſome baſe *Players* tongue;
When *vertue* ſhall command, like *Orpheus ſtrings*,
Euen ſenſeleſſe *ſtones* to follow when he *ſinges*.
The *muſicke* of the *ſoule*, that ſweetly ſounds
The meanes of *honor*, and the vertuous *grounds*
Of our well fingered *actions*; and ſhall tell
In *Oracles*, how our beſt *acts* excell
The worſt of *enuie*; though her *toadelike wombe*,
Burſt in her *venom*, euen within our *tombe*.
Then ſince great *Prince*, that *time* muſt bring you *rage*,
To act one *part* vpon this earthly *ſtage*:
Oh let your *vertuous actions* keepe ſuch *meane*,
As *Angels* may applaud your lifes beſt *Sceane*:
Which you ſhall doe, by *acting* what is *good*,
That when your *riper yeeres* haue vnderſtood,

That

That the chiefe *ſeate* of *honour* is the *hart*,
Diffuſing *motion* to each *princely part*.
And like the *ſoule*, whom *Schooles* hold *all* in *all*,
In euery *member* is *eſſentiall*,
Compleate and *vndiuided*: not *begot*
Of *Thales clement* to *die* and *rot*:
Then your *experience* with *confeſſion* ioynd,
Shall hold that *practick vertue* of the *mind*,
Is your beſt *ſummum bonum*: and not ſtroule
To *Platoes* fain'd *Ideas* of the *ſoule*:
Or *Epicures ſect*, whoſe *happineſſe*,
Their *Schooles* maintain'd to be *voluptuouſneſſe*:
And not in *fortune*, that all *power* can,
Or *Stoicall neceſſitie* in *man*:
Or in this later *hereſie* that growes,
That the beſt *bonum* countes the beſt of *clothes*.
But *vertue* put to *action*, which doth keepe,
And put *a waking difference* from *ſleepe*,
And *drowſineſſe* in *vertue*: which though *good*,
If ne're in *action*, ne're is vnderſtood.
Theſe *cautions* make you worthy of this *ſtarre*,
When others onely heare of *Iupiter*:
That your bright *honour* euer may appeare,
And moue within an vnecclipſed *Spheare*
But now I mount vnto the *Souldiers ſtarre*,
Some *Cannon fire* my *pen* to *rage* and *warre*.

Anima eſt totaintoto & in qualibet parte.
Thales opinion of water to be the mother of all things.

To


Aries Leo Sagittarius :
Gemini. Libra. Aquarius :
Taurus Virgo Capricornus :
Cancer Scorpio Pisces :
MARS:
IGNIS:
FAVONIVS:
ÆSTAS:
IVVENTVS:
IVPITER.
AER.
VER.
AVSTER.
Adolescentia
Cholerica
Sanguinea
Complexio
Complexio
Complexio

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THE EARLE OF ESSEX, BARON OF EWE:

R..A. wisheth all grace with heauen and earth.

Of Mars. ♂

NOble Lord, Themistocles *desired the art of obliuion. I the practick of memorie, whose hell and heauen presentiue facultie cannot produce a fairer forme of eternitie, then in the vnimitable Idea of your Mars borne honourable Father, the best of his fortunes I could wish were traduced to you, and the best of his actions deseruing a fixt constellation, as totally diffused through euery noble veine of your Honour as the best part of your essence is in your bodie the contemplatiue part of time admits not a fairer prospectiue of Honour. The character of Mars is but his counterfeit, and I could wish it yours by adoption, Arts and Armes should be like hypocrates twinnes reciprocall in their first*

ingredience, and borne together with a most sweet and louing sympathie. The merit of a Souldier and a Scholer hates poligamie, and are but one flesh. I know you are nobly tutored in the one, and I could wish you Laureated in the other. The poyson of the times hath no better Antidote then vertue: the least doze of it makes honor nobly preseruatiue. I haue here prescribed it, and may it worke in you his phisicall operation: my dutie bound to the strictest, and most peremptorie remembrance of your Honour: administers this diet: disgest, and be a long liude patient, it is the Souldiers cordiall, and a Noble restoratiue.

Your Honours humble deuoted,

Robert Anton.

THE PHILOSOPHERS FOVRTH Satyr of Mars. ♂

WHat by his *nature* moues, and would aſpire
Vnder this *Planet* borrowes his hot *fire*:
What *horrid furie* burſts his *chaines* in *hell*,
And frights the *earth*, doth in this *Planet* dwell:
Blood, *death* and, *tragick ſtories Mars* doth yeeld.
A *Golgotha* of *graues*: whoſe *purple field*,
Died *crimſon* with his fatall *maſſacres*,
Craues *bloodie inke*, and *Scarlet Characters*:
A *pen*, that like a *bullets* force would reele
A *marble conſcience*, or a *hart* of *ſteele*:
But not of *battels*, or that *Sanguine flood*,
That at *Phillipi Brutus* ſtain'd with *blood*.
Nor of that cruell, and *Barbarian warre*,
Wherein two *Kings* ſign'd by a *blazing ſtarre*
To a *prodigeous death*, ſuch *horror* wonne,
As with *amazement*, frighted *Chriſtendome*.
Nor of that *bloodie ſiege*, and tragicall,
Made famous by our *Engliſh Generall*,
That in our *age* fell in the *Belgian warres*,
When like an *Ocean*, with red *Maſſacres*,
The *mooriſh earth* did *tide* vp ore the *brim*,
As if the *center* did 'gainſt *nature* ſwim:
But to another *Poſterne*, drils our *Muſe*,
Marching in martiall *Satyrs* of *abuſe*.
Tell me thou ragged *man* of *Armes*, that weares
Onely thy *Paſſe* for *ſeruice* many *yeeres*;
And by each *pettie Conſtable* conueide,
As if thy *wounds* in *peace* were greater made

With *Headboughes* and *Bezdles*, then grim *warre*
Could through a *groue* of *Pikes* launch in so farre.
Why are thy *scars* bought with such pretious *cost*,
So tortured by a senceleſſe whipping *post*:
But a more groſſer *time*, that cannot ſee
In peaceſull *times*, what want of Souldiers be.
The dull *Athenians* offered *ſacrifice*
To *Mars*, when warres began to tyranize:
But when the *furie* of ſtearne *warre* did ceaſe,
His hallowed *Altars* lay vntoucht with *peace*.
Souldiers are *Saints* in *ſteele*, *Gods* in their *beauers*,
Ador'd like *Eſculapius* in hot *Feauers*
Of *blood* and *warre*: but when their *ſteele-coates* ruſt,
And their bright *armes* ore-caſt with *peaceſull duſt*.
Behould you *ſonnes* of *thunder*, th'end of all
Are *Vſurers almes*, and a poore *Hoſpitall*.
Let *Sacars*, *Culuerings*, and *Cannons* ſound
In honour of their *bones*, and rock the *ground*
With all your deafning *terrors*: for behold
The *Balſum* for your wounds, are rich mens *gold*,
Powder the *world* with *wonder*, and thus crie,
The *Camel* now may paſſe the *needles* eie.
The *Ieuiſh age* growes *holy* and *preciſe*,
And builds a *Sinagogue* to *ſacrifice*
Their *charitable ſurfets*, when they *die*,
That *liuing*, whipt away *bright charitie*.
You *backſters* fleſht in *bleeding Maſſacres*,
Thinke on your *maimed ſtumpes*: your *powerfull ſtars*,
That worke this *operation* in prowde man.
Miſers liue *Ieues*, and die as Chriſtian,
That else in *peace* had laid, as if forlorne,
The bitter *ſubiect* of the *ages* ſcorne.

The

The *Stockfish* to ſeuereſt *Iuſtices*
Beaten to *death* with *warrants* of the *peace*
And *good behauiour*, martred with the rage
Of *Conſtables*, whoſe *furie* can aſſwage
Nothing but *night* and *wine*, that all things ſteepe
In the deepe *Lethe* of the *god* of *ſleepe*:
For ſeeſt thou not, thou *man* of *othes* and *harmes*,
When *Mars* makes *holliday*, and all th' *Allarmes*
Of your *Rock-braining Engins* are ſtrooke dumb
By bright *Aſtreas* charmes, and *Vnion*;
How *armes* are baniſht to his *yron Mines*,
And time growne *banquerout* of thoſe *diſciplines*,
That martial *Pyrrhus* to his *Souldiers* red,
Or'e the braue *Romans* in *Phalanges* led,
That then who *cares* for *Souldiers*, but forgot
In *warres* they loſe their *limbes*, in *peace* they rot,
As if our *bleſſings* had ſo ſure a *Creed*
Ne're to vſe *Souldiers*, for we ſcorne their *need*.
Or doth our *careleſſe peace*, like *Scipio* deeme
Neuer leſſe *ſole*, then when it *ſole* doth ſeeme
Without a *Souldiers* ſtrong *Atlantick* power,
That on his *ſhoulders* props that ſtarrie *bower*
And *fabrick* of a *State*, as if a *Lethargy*
Had ſilence't vp th' *eternall memory*
Of *Norris*, *Veare*, and valiant *Willobee*,
That like three *Commets* bearded prodigie,
Amaz'd the *world*: beſides the regiſter
Of thoſe *Sea-Gods*, *Drake*, *Candiſh*, *Furbuſher*,
That like three *Neptunes* on the *curled maine*,
Danc't with their *Tritons* in a *martiall vaine*
Who to a *Tragick Muſe* hath left their *fame*,
Scorning a *Commick ſeckt* to *ſcore* their *name*

The *temple* of the *bifront* God's not ope,
As if the *earth* had *vniuersall hope*
Of a most *mild Augustus* to sway th'*earth*,
In whose *great raigne* the *King* of *Peace* tooke *birth*:
Then vanish all your *furies* to *blacke hell*,
Duelloes, *combates* to the loathsome *Cell*,
of burning *Ambriscadoes*, *crueltie*,
Rape, *ruine*, *horror* and *impietie*,
Seconds in *combats*, *challenges* in *wine*;
Giuing the *lie*, and all vilde *discipline*
Of *sences*, *desperate distance*; *quarrels common*,
For some damn'd *Cockatrice*, or *Strumpet woman*.
And all those *rasors*, that made *France* to bleed;
And *England* sad, in *peace* be well *agreed*:
For loe, an *Oliue Scepter* swayes our *land*,
Not crusht to *powder* with an *yron hand*:
Which sooner may the *Seaes* forsake their *bound*,
Fire from the *concaue* lepp, and the *fixt ground*,
Be tumbled from the *center*: all that's made
Rome from his orderd *fashion* retrograde;
Eagles be *finn'd*, and swimme the *Oceans* deepe,
Whales mount the *ayre*, & *Ducks* with *Dolphins* keepe,
Before this *peace* fall, and *vnited-calme*
Forsake the *vertue* of his *souer aigne Balme*:
Souldiers turne *Maunderers*, and liue to *shame*,
By Souldiers base attempts, a Souldiers name:
Riot vpon this happie time of *truse*,
With *pursing*, *cheating*, and all base *abuse*,
Till *millions* of these *Roarers*, *sise* by *sise*,
Drop through the *hang-mans budget*, and so dies,
Before our *Oliue-Scepter* change his *bud*,
And graft it in a *scarlet stock* of *blood*.

Yet

Yet I could wiſh, that in this *golden time*,
A *golden meane* were kept, that in this *clime*,
Where the *Heſperides* of *peace* doth dwell,
Though guarded with a *power* that doth expell,
The *doubt* of ciuill and outragious *iarres*,
Men liu'd, as if their very *liues* made *warres*
Againſt that *peace*, the *heauens* doth *earth* aſſure,
Vpon *condition*, that no man is ſecure:
Nor are our beſt of *bleſſings* but ſo lent,
As heau'n may *change*, what *men* in *peace* miſpent:
For *time* may come, ah, may it neuer come,
When the loud *thunder* of our yet mute *drumme*,
May raile in *martiall marches*, and their *armes*
May ſcarre this peacefull *Iland* with *Alarmes*:
Inuaſion may rouſe *horror* from his *den*;
And *Souldiers* then thought rather *Gods* then *men*,
That now art barkt at by each dogged *Sir*.
Poore *fooles*, your ſelues may need a *Souldier*,
To chace *hoſtilitie* and *hell-borne ſpirits*
Of *warre* and *blood*, by their *triumphant merits*
From your *Percullic'd gates*: oh then take heed,
He that ſcornes *Souldiers*, may a *Souldier* neede:
For though all things in *peace* doe ſymbolize,
As with a *bleſſing*, where all *contraries*
Are leagued with *Gordion knots* of *amitie*,
And liue in one *vnited harmonie*:
The *rauening wolfe*, and the poore *ſheepe*,
Combin'd by ſupernaturall *bleſſings* ſilly ſleepe,
Like two *faith-plighted friends*: the fruitfull *vine*,
That neere the *Colewort* is obſerued to pine,
Troubles the *God* of *ſurfets* ſparkling *iuyce*:
The *Oake* and *Oline* kiſſe in *calmes* of *truce*:

The

The Mastiue, feares not the *Hyaenes* sight.
The *Mouse* the *Elephant* doth not affright:
The poysond-*Henbane*, whose cold *iuice* doth kill
His *meate* vnto the *Thrush*, when *warres* grow still.
And all things that beares *naturall enmitie*,
Conioyne their indiuiduall *Sympathie:*
In a most blest *coherence* of their *formes:*
Yet such a *time* may come, when *nature* stormes
And *Plants*, and *senceleſſe things* grow discontent,
Their *factious formes* scorning this sweet *consent*,
Familiar concord turn'd to *qualities*
Of proud *exceptions*, and *hot contraries*,
And mutinous *nature* all things turnes to hate,
That in sweete *peace* did most participate.
And if that old *Philosophy* hould sure,
That the *Soule* tracktes the *bodies* temperature,
Hinma sequitur temperamentum corporis opino Galen.
Although all *naturall causes* we confine
To the great *Mouers* power, and will diuine;
Yet neuer had our *temperaments* more *fire*,
Nor neuer apter to the *hot desire*
Of *warres* and *innouations*; when our *age*
In *Tauerns* shew the stabbing *signes* of *rage*.
Neuer more *cholericke constitutions* knowne
So practick in *reuenge*, as now are showne.
Hot bloods in euery *Courtyer* boyles to fight:
No sooner grac't, but he dares *barke* and *bite*,
New hot-spurre *humors* euery *day* arise,
In cutting *Ruffines* borne to *pandarize*,
Fierie *distempers* in our *bloods* exceed,
Which great *Hypocrates* could neuer reade:
Each base *Mechanick* hath a *Fencers* diuell,
And faine would fight, although the *cause* be euill.

Ther's

Ther's ſcarce a *Coward* borne to the *times* curſe,
But hauing ſuckt he *roares*, and *kickes* his *Nurſe:*
Man from his *Cradle* now like *Hercules*,
Is borne to *ſtrangle*, not to *liue* at *eaſe:*
When euery *Royſter* his *twelue labours* ſlight,
And *hand* to *hand* dares with his *Lions* fight:
Or tugge with that *three headed dogge* of *hell*,
Or in a ſingle *Mona-machy* quell
The hundred headed *Hydra* to conclude,
By whom we *moralize* the *multitude*.
If then, by *naturall cauſes* we deſcrie
How our corrupted *tempers* do applie
Themſelues to *bloody proiects*, and *hot iarres*:
Spurning at *peace*, inflamed ſtill to *warres:*
Our *bleſsings* ought thus much to know in *feares*,
That *Mine* and *Thine* may ſet *kings* by the eares:
Which *two poore words*, as they haue ſet on *fire*
The *world* with *law*, ſo to the *world* inſpire
A *quarrelſome nature*, that euen *France* and *Spaine*,
By theſe *poore ſyllables* loſt *thouſands* ſlaine:
And *ſeuen-hill'd-Rome*, whoſe *victories* haue wonne,
Eu'n *time* to *canonize*, what *ſhe* hath donne:
Onely with theſe *two words*, ſo pamperd *fame*,
That like a *Iennet* of a prowd-truſt *frame*,
It pac'd the *ample earth* with ſuch *large pride*,
As if 'twere made not to be *rid*, but *ride:*
Peace is not of an indiuidual *ſize*,
Like to a *Phœnix*, from whoſe *aſhes* riſe
Another of that *kinde*, that can reſtore,
Succeſsion to that *peace*, that went before:

And it may be the *vtmoſt date* ſhe beares,
Shall be confin'd within theſe *peaceſull yeeres*,
Wherein her *Ioes* merily we ſing,
Neuer was ſuch a *time*, and ſuch a *King*:
Or whether the great *Genius* of theſe *daies*,
Hath left to *him* the *glorie* of that *praiſe*,
Sphynx cannot well vnridle or define:
For it may be, in *him* it may reſigne
Her vtmoſt *Royalties*: *then why d'we liue*,
Like the fond *Megarenſes*, who did giue
Such *coſt* vnto their *houſes*, as if neuer
They thought of *changes*, but to liue for euer?
Not like the wiſe *Egyptians*, who ſtill gaue
Leſſe *coſt* vnto their *houſe*, more to their *graue*:
Since then theſe *changes* follow *times* aſpect,
And *peace* like to the *Moone* doth but reflect
His *beames* from *others*: who can then preſume
That ſtill her *quarters* hold full *Pleni-lune*:
Commit not then ſuch fierce *Idolatrie*
Vnto this *Saint*: more then the *Deitie*,
That gaue her thoſe bright *vertues*, though diuine:
For *Angels* may fall from their bleſſed *Shrine*:
But now we ſound a *Parle* and *Retreate*
From bloodie *Mars* his *Planet* to the *Seate*
Of the bright *day-Starre*: riſe bright *Venus*, riſe,
Whileſt *Cutie wiues* prepare thy *Sacrifice*.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL AND VERTVOVS LADIE, THE Ladie *Anne Randyll*, health in both the Worlds.

Of Venus. ♀

MAdam, behold, your vertues *doe in-*
tice
The beſt *of* art *to write the* worſt *of*
vice,
That as the beautious forme *of* chri-
ſtall light,
Oppoſde to darkneſſe *ſeemes more richly-bright:*
So from the times *worſt* obiects *you may ſpie,*
How vertue *ſhines beſt by her* contrarie,
And beſt doth edifie, when to our ſenſe,
She ſeemes to vertue *in her* innocence,
Like ſome cleare liquid cloud *againſt the* Sunne
In proudeſt formes *of* oppoſition,
Heere ſhall you ſee the Anatomie *of* times
And imperfections *bowelld with the* crimes
Of brazen impudence *condemn'd to* death,
Like Traytors *breathing an infectious* breath.
From your ſweet fauours I began this booke:
And hope a faire ſucceſſe from your faire looke:
As earth *to* heauen *preſented to our* ſenſe

Seemes but a point *to the* circumference,
Compar'd to his large bodie: *ſo in ſhow*
Are theſe my ſtudies vnto that I owe,
Vnto your Ladiſhip: this mite *ſhall ſpeake*
My Art *and* Hart *both* gratefull, *although* weake,
As Dwarfes *ſeeme gracious, ſo may proue this* elſe.
This booke, though ſmall, may teach great time it ſelfe.

Your Ladiſhips humble and poore

Kinſman of his duty.

Robert Anton.

THE

THE PHYLOSOPHERS FIFT Satyr of Venus. ♀.

NExt vnto *blood* and *death*, the *Paphian queene*
Of the *inferiour-planets* firſt is ſeene:
The *harbinger* of faire *Auroras* light,
Bright *day-ſtarre*, ſliking the rough *brow* of *night*,
Faire *Citharæa*: amorous *flame* of *loue*,
That next vnto the glorious *ſunne* doth moue:
Goddeſſe of *generation*, that doſt giue
A *father* to each *Baſtard* how to liue:
Make my *Muſe* ramble, that it truly tell
The *ſcapes* of *luſt*, that in thy *influence* dwell:
Appeare you *horned-monſters*, that do ſwell
With *high-brow-Antlers*, that gainſt *heaun* rebell:
And ſtumble againſt *Taurus* with your *hornes*.
Behold the *luſtfull Planet* of your *ſcornes*:
By whoſe inſatiate and hot *luſtfull fire*,
Your wiues are *ſtrumpets*, & your *brows* rear'd higher
Vnder this *ſtarre* bright *Helena* was bred,
That made her huſhand higher by the *head*.
And *Meſſalina* by this *planets* power
Wife to great *Claudius*, *Romes* high *Emperour*,
Fall two and twentie times in one ſole day,
Cornuted *Cæſar* with her luſtfull play:
Here may thy *Satyr* riot with thy *pen*,
And laſh to blood this crooked *fate* of men,
Whoſe ſhameleswiues, o'r warmd with baſtard wine
Like *Meſſalina* breakes that ſacred *ſigne*,
That holy *wedlocke* in their *vowes* hath made,
By that *laſciuious* and *inſatiate trade*:
That *nature* growes ſo horrid and ſo full,
That, like *Paſiphae*, amored of a Bull

In any *forme* of *inceſt*, or hot *rape*,
The *ſenſuall appetite* affects his *ſhape*:
Prepoſterous *motions* in this *planet* raigne,
Mothers turne *Bawdes* vnto their *Daughters* gaine:
Husbands haue ſold their *wiues* like *Galliſlaues*
Vnto a *ſtrangers bed*: whole *ſtreets* of *knaues*,
Deepe red in hot *Adulterie* ſo confounds
The reputation of our *honeſt grounds*,
As if the *world* and *Iuſtices* agreede,
To make a *Chaos* of their *baſtard ſeede*.
Why frownes not *Minos* at that *ciuill whore*,
That in a *Puritans habit* dwells next *doore*,
Vnto his *worſhip*: and with *Saintlike motion*,
Minces the *pauement* with her *pure deuotion*:
Whom ſome hot *Tradeſman* keeps, & doth diſguiſe,
In *Angels robes* to gull the *iealous eies*
Of *ſhallow iudgement*, following *Machauell*
Cunning in *ſinne* treads warily to *hell*.
Why *Carts* not *iuſtice* that old *Dipſas Baude*,
That with her *ſorcerous charmes* diſperſt abroad
Among the *veſtall Virgins* holy bred,
Hath betrai'd many a well-borne *Maidenhead*,
To the luxurious *hands* of *riotous heyres*;
Drowning their *mothers happineſſe* in *teares*?
Why doe our *luſtfull Theaters* entice,
And perſonate in liuely action *vice*:
Draw to the *Cities* ſhame, with *guilded clothes*,
Such *ſwarmes* of *wiues* to breake their *nuptiall othes*:
Or why are *women* rather growne ſo mad,
That their *immodeſt feete* like *planets* gad
With ſuch *irregular motion* to baſe *Playes*,
Where all the *deadly ſinnes* keepe *holli daies*.
There ſhall they ſee the *vices* of the *times*,
Oreſtes inceſt, *Cleopatres* crimes;

Lucullus ſurfets, and *Poppeas* pride.
Virgineaes rape. and wanton *Lais* hide
Her *Sirens charmes* in ſuch *eare charming ſenſe*;
As it would turne a modeſt *audience*,
To *brazen-fac'et profeſſion* of a *whore*.
Their *hiſtories* perſwade, but *action* more,
Vices well coucht in pleaſing *Sceanes* preſent,
More *will* to act, then *action* can inuent.
And this the reaſon, vnleſſe *heauen* preuent,
Why *women* moſt at *Playes* turne impudent,
And yet not to their *ſexe* doe we applie,
A *Stoicall* and ſtout *neceſſitie*,
Of ſhamefull *ſinne* to *women* in this *kind*.
But I could wiſh their *modeſtie* confin'd,
To a more *ciuill* and *graue libertie*,
Of *will* and *free election*: carefullie
Hating this *helliſh confluence* of the *ſtage*,
That breeds more groſſe *infections* to the *age*
Of *ſeparations*, and religious *bonds*,
Then e're *religion* with her *hallowed hands*
Can reunite: rather renew thy *web*,
With chaſt *Penelope*, then ſtaine thy *bed*
With ſuch baſe *incantations*: But why in vaine,
Doe I confound the *muſicke* of my *ſtraine*
With ſuch vnrelliſht *Pantomimmicke ſlaues*,
Whoſe liues prophane a laſhing *Satyr* craues?
Oh yet my graue muſe be not to profuſe,
Applaud their good, ſcourge onely their abuſe,
No, rather my keene pen with *art* diſſect,
The *Anotomie* of *woman*, whoſe *defect*,
May reade ſuch *Phyſicke* to their longing *ſexe*,
As what moſt horrid guilt of *luſt* detects,
And caſt *aſperſions* on their *Angels faces*,
May *ſalue* their *burning feauers* of *diſgraces*:

Not

Not in a ſquibbing *vaine* my *pen* ſhall taske
Your feeble *imperfections*, but vnmaske
With far more reuerent *hand* your ſlippery *natures*,
Since your firſt *fall* proues you backſliding *creatures*;
When *heauen* and *earth* from his *confuſion* tooke
Proportion firme, and a more gracious looke
Of *order* and *creation*, then was crown'd
Man, the imperiall *Monarch* of this *Round:*
Which being made of a groſſe *element*,
Vnfit alone for *Kingly gouernment.*
Woman as his *adiutor* was aſſign'd,
That to their *powers* the *earth* might be confin'd.
And *man*, then one in *number*, therefore *none*,
In her might be more perfect then *alone.*
When *ſhe* was made in that *prime innocence*,
Each *element* beſtowed the *quinteſſence*
Of his beſt *qualities: fire* then was more remiſſe
With out hot *luſt*, that now more ex'lent is.
Water did temper his *moyſt qualitie*,
Without the ſwetting *palmes* of *venerie*;
The ſubtill *parts* of *aire* did not inſpire
A *lightneſſe* to their *body* or *deſire.*
The *ſollid parts* of *earth* vpheld their *frame*,
That now falls back to ruinate the ſame:
Her *harmonie* of *nature* moſt refin'd
From the dull *Mans*, an *Angell* in her *kind.*
Her *face* as beautious as the *Cryſped Morne*,
Strooke from ſmudg'dnight: *created* and not *borne*,
To keepe groſſe-pated *Adams* from foule *ſin*,
With *adoration* like ſome *Cherubin.*
Which not alone that naked *Sill* could doe:
Except the *mightie mouer* had made *two*;
Both which had kept faire *Edens* royalties,
To their *ſucceſſion* and *poſterities:*

And

And then vncenſur'd had the *woman* ben,
From th'originall cauſe of mortall ſinne,
Had not that *Hel-bred Politician*
Beguil'd the *woman*, and the *woman man:*
But ſince her ſacred *reaſon* was beguil'd,
And *ſhe* for *him*, and *he* for *both* exild
From that *foure-riuer-running-Paradice,*
To the large curſed *center* of their *vice:*
Behold this rare *Idea* of a *woman*
Made to admire beyond an *obiect common,*
Tranſform'd into a loathſome *maſſe* of duſt,
Salt *tides* of *paſſions*, and hot foming *luſt,*
Keepe their *high floods*, and waite on *appetite;*
As *flowing Seaes* attend the *Queene* of *night,*
Inconſtant flames glow in their skittiſh *breſt,*
And *chaſtitie* runnes like a *man* poſſeſt
With *Legion* and his *diuels*: and ſo raues,
As it ſcornes *life* in *ſtreetes*, but liues in *graues,*
As if all *vertues* vnto *heauen* were fled,
And *women* ſcarce thought honeſt, although dead.
Nature is now growne monſtrous to the *earth,*
That in exceſſe creates this *creatures* birth:
Or thoſe *prime elementall-qualities,*
That giue our *conſtitutions properties;*
Turne *pandars* in the *action* of their *life,*
To make a *faire face* a *diſhoneſt wife:*
Or elſe *imaginations* deepely wrought
By ſtrong *impreſſion* makes the *age* ſo nought:
As when ſome *luſtfull bloud* ſwolne high with *wine,*
And *ſtirring delicates*, beares ſtill in *mind.*
The *obiect* of her *dalliance*, to exchange
Her ſacred *bridall bed* for *ſheetes* more ſtrange:
Since the moſt *ſimple eſſenſe* of her *ſoule,*
Immortall and *diuine*, now *blacke* and *foule,*

With more then *Ethiopian* graceleſſe ſtaine,
Ne'r bluſhing at her ſinfull *die* in *graine*,
Taſted the *Philtre compounds* of *ſins* harmes,
With the ſweete *magick* of her *pleaſing charmes*,
Since all their *paſſions*, that kept *golden meanes*,
Without the amorous *flames* of *loues extreames*,
Since *women* did corrupt their *naturall graces*,
And by *complexion* did create new *faces*,
Since their proud *ſex* did ſtudie to repaire,
Robbing the *dead* their owne more comely *haire*,
Since their *Apoſtate ſexe* began to *ſlide*
From *faith* to *ſuperſtition*, and to *pride*,
Since all this *metamorphoſis* began
Wo-man, you make a *locall hell* for *man*:
The miſerie of *man* affords but this,
An *Ariſtippus*, and *Semiramis*:
Murder and *luſt* like two inſatiate *twinnes*,
Reuels in *ſurfets* of our noble *ſinnes*.
Well vnto *Cato*, this the *world* did giue:
"*Oh* Cato *thou alone know'ſt how to liue*,
"*That not in pallaces, and princely bowers*,
"*Did'ſt ſpend the laſt glaſſe of thy aged howers*,
"*Where Venus ſports are like to tennis balles*,
"*Banded from one to tother: till it falles*
"*Into the hazards of their honord names*,
"*The chaſes loſt are rumors and defames*:
"*Nor in the ſcalding Suburbes didſt thou dwell*,
"*Where luſt appeares in his hot ſhape of hell*,
"*The Duels whores, and the tormenting fire*.
"*The ſtewing ſteame of ſulphured hot deſire*:
"*Nor in that great Metropolis of Dames*,
"*That like to Dog-daies burne the earth with flames*,
"*As hot in their laſciuious appetites*,
"*As Munkeyes: more luxurious in delights*,

Then

cc *Then amorous Flora, that Italian whore,*
cc *That proudly writ vpon her painted dore,*
cc *Let none but Kings here enter:* and as vild
In their looſe *purges* of their *bed* defil'd
With their adulterate *louers*, as if trades
Did neither marry widowes, wiues, or maides.
Sooner may ſhameleſſe wiues hate *Braindford feaſts*,
Albertus Magnus, or the *pilfred Ieſts*
Of ſome ſpruce *Skipiack Citizen* from *Playes*,
A *Coach*, the ſecret *Baudihouſe* for *waies*,
And *riotous waſte* of ſome new *Freeman* made,
That in one *yeere* to *peices* breakes his *trade*,
Then waſh the toadlike ſpeckles of *defame*,
That ſwell the *world* with *poyſon* of their *ſhame*:
What *Comedies* of *errors* ſwell the *ſtage*
With your moſt *publike vices*, when the *age*
Dares perſonate in *action*, for, your *eies*
Ranke *Sceanes* of your *luſt*-ſweating *qualities*:
Why are your *ciuill* and *domeſtick names*,
Queſtion'd by euery *Page*, or grauer *Dames*
Cenſur'd by euery *Courtier* in your *ſtreetes*,
Vnleſſe the ſpeaking-*figures* of your *Sheets*
Could number *one*, *two*, *three*; and tell that *tricke*,
Whereby you multiplie *Arithmatick*,
And caſt your falſe *accounts* in others *beds*,
VVhileſt *hornes* like *ſiphers* only ſhew their *heads*
Of your neglected *Pheares*: or rather why
Are grauer *heads* ſo rich in *pollicie*,
Induſtrious and ſo *cunning* in their *wares*:
VVretched in nothing but in *doubtfull heires*:
And yet ſee not with what *immodeſt croudes*,
Their *Turtles* lie with *Centaures* in the *cloudes*,
VVhy ſcowres the ſhallow *Marchant* the deep *Ocean*,
Euen to the *burnt line* with his three yeeres *motion*:

Leuing his daintie *Pinnis* on the *land*,
Like to a *man o' warre* well rigg'd and *mann'd*
By other cunning *Pilots*: *Pirates* rather
That robbes him of the *honor* of a *father*:
And nailes not his *profession* to the *Burse*,
To saue her shipwrackt *honor* dangerous,
From *Rouers* hands and lustfull *pyracie*
Of this *hot rutting age*: whose *luxurie*,
Eu'n from the hoarie *grayb'ard* to the bold
And youthfull beardlesse boy-wench we behold
Priapus Altars reake with *smoke* and *fire*
Of *quenchlesse passions* and *vntam'd desire*.
The *baudie times* tutor their *Goatish sense*
In *ribauld sciences*, and do commence
Proficients in the art of *Midwifetrie*.
Pages can *non-plus* deepe obcenitie
In *Aristotles Problemes*: and in fine,
He's best, that best disputes in *Aretine*.
And I much wonder that this *lustie time*,
That women can both *sing* and *sigh* in rime,
Weepe and *dissemble* both in *baudie meetre*,
Laugh in luxurious pamphlets, like a *creature*
Whose very *breath*, some *Ouid* did create
With *prouocations*, and a *longing fate*
After some *stirring meates*: *wiues* couet *bookes*,
Not penn'd by *Artists*, but the *fruits* of *Cookes*
Prescribing *lustie dishes*, to enflame
Their lustie fighting *broode* vnto their *game*
Confections with *infections* of their *kinde*,
Rot both their *body*, and corrupts the *minde*.
Ladies are turned *Musk-cats*, and do sent,
As if *perfumers* bought their *excrement*:
As though their *imperfections* so did smel,
As without *Ciuet* it would poyson *hell*.

Their's

Ther's ſcarce a *face*, as it was firſt baptiz'd,
That keepes his Chriſtian *colour*: but diſguiz'd
With *Lozinges* and *lotions*: as if their *hate*
Found fault with *God*, and could regenerate
A better *face* with *painting*; when their *formes*,
May poyſon *men*, but neuer poyſon *wormes*:
All theſe, as if an *Academick* ſect,
Had ſtudied new *opinions* to infect
The *ſoule* with fond *mortalitie*, define
The ſoule *organicall*, and not *diuine*:
And of a *phyſick-bodie* the beſt *part*,
Miſconſtring *phyſick* for the *Doctors art*:
Theſe *vices* fleſh the hot rain'd *time* with *luſt*,
And bake cold *Phlegme* to *humors* more aduſt
And hotter *ſlipps* of *wedlock*: the *Romans Guiſe*
To *lillie-veſta*, offered *Sacrifice*.
To *Eſculapius* a *cock* they gaue:
But now for *Venus* all our *Henns* we ſaue.
Looke you fond *Doues* chain'd to your *goddeſſe carre*,
Thoſe *Roman ſonnes*, that haue out-prim'd your *ſtarre*
In chaſter *beames*, and with their *motion* runne:
Til *maides* turne *Turkes*, and leaue their *Chriſtendome*:
Hypſicratæa, and chaſte *Liuia* ſcore
For your *examples*, and with *zeale* adore
The memorable *tombe* of *Portias* name,
That eate *hot fluming coales* to keepe her *fame*,
From thorough *ſurgerie* of *ſcandalous tongues*,
That *time* might ſing with *praiſe* her *funerall ſongs*.
Which *Antiquaries* in a *golden page*
May name the *gelded*: not the *guilded age*,
Sweet meats and al your *delicates* of *vice*:
Packe to the *Comfit-makers*, there intice
The baudy *midwife*, and the pifering *nurſe*
To rotten *teeth* and tatling: but thy *curſe*

Light not vpon the *thrift* of *Cittie wiues*
Life's ſweet, good nam's farre ſweeter thẽ their liues:
Perfumes and *powders* that make faces looke
Like *Sculs* in *Church-yards*, that but late was tooke
From *gaſtly bones*, as if the *world* did luſt
Like *Sextons* to appeare in *deadmens duſt*:
As if their *periwigs* to *death* they gaue,
To *meale* it in ſome gaſtly *dead mens graue*:
And thus like *Ghoſts* appeare to *humane ſight*:
As if a *reſurrection* ſhould affright
The *weakeneſſe* of our *natures*: which *(indeed)*
Should with *diuiner vſe* the *morrall* reade
Of their owne *frailties*: and like *Phillips* ſtaue
Ring a *memento* of their *aſhy graue*,
Iuſt of that *colour*: for in ſuch *a face*
I reade the *horrors* of that *deadly place*,
VVhere *Golgotha* was found: this muſt I tell:
Nor *Schrichowles*, nor the fatall *paſsing-bell*,
Makes me remember *pale neceſsitie*,
Eternall ſilence of *mortalitie*,
Nore oft then *powdred faces*: oh ther's *grace*,
Th'are *liuing graues*, and haue a *ſauing face*.
Hence then yon *horrid drugs* that do conſume
The noble *rankes* like *graues*: and yet perfume,
Your *vglineſſe* with *pleaſure* to the *ſenſe*,
Chaſing their *bloods* with your *hot excellence*
Of *luſt* and *amorous charmes*: begon, growe dull,
And decke the *forehead* of one *gaſtly ſcull*:
That our *faire formes* may in their *beauties* riſe
Admir'd, for *red* and *whites* ſimplicities.
But now from *Venus Nunnerie* of *Loue*,
Vnto the *god* o' *ſhifts* our *ſpheare* we moue:
Charme *earth* great *Hermes* with thy *Snaky rod*,
VVhileſt *Englands Ioy* adores the *ſhifting God*.

To

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL AND WORTHY GENTLEMAN

Sir *Iohn Woodward* Knight, *R. A.* wisheth the best temporall happinesse, and *future riches.*

Of Mercurie. ☿.

Worthie Sir, me thought I obserued in you a Saintlike adoration of vertue, not to her Image, but to her substance: your actions crownes your worthy intentions, and speakes you more then Gentleman like formalitie: the eager appetite of her beautie makes me present her to you vnmaskt, and vnpainted with adulterate complexion: your incouragements are massie, and this labour Geometrically proportioned to your person. Your onely character is to be ingenious and generous: I haue proued it, you may hap finde your nativitie calculated vnder some of these Planets: when their influence shall in some of them answer to your acute conceite, I stand bound to you, that haue so nobly espoused this

this labour for your bedfellow, as Alexander *kept* Homers Iliades *vnder his pillow: this quinteſſence extracted from the Phyloſophicall body of art without quackeſaluing poetrie: may perhaps teach you more then* Paracelſian *skil in the ſpirits of vertue: and make you more then a bare profeſſor of* Alcumie, *rich and wealthie in the practiſe of her: you know her grounds are infallible: ſeeke her therefore in theſe Satyrs, and proue rich in her* Elixar.

Your worſhips to the beſt
of art and power.

Robert Anton.

THE PHILOSOPHERS SIXTH Satyr of Mercurie. ☿

WHen I obſerue how *Alcumiſts* diſcloſe
The *fallacie* of *art*, with onely *ſhewes*
Of *Minerall ſpirits*, and with *cheates* preſent,
The *alterations* of each *element*,
And with their *tricks* like ſome moſt powerfull iet,
Draw *greedy fooles* to kiſſe the *counterfet*,
Of the *Elixar*, as if *art* had done,
And made more *gold*, then *nature* or the *ſunne*:
Or their *purſe-purging*-miſterie of *fire*,
Could finde more *wealth*, then *Craſſus* could deſire,
When I behold rich ſweating *Clownes* bemone,
The loſſe of *lands* for the *Philoſophers ſtone*:
Men of good worſhip gulld with *oyles* and *glaſſes*,
Pawning their *plate* in hope of *gold* like *aſſes*:
Oh then, thou *God* of *crochets*, and *ſlie trickes*.
My yerking *Muſe* adores thy *politickes*,
When I behold a *peaſant* rich in *clothes*
Clad in a *Tirian-die*, and *skarlet hoſe*,
Obſcure in *parentage*, and baſe in *friends*,
Hauing no *lands* to helpe, but *fingers ends*,
And a falſe *bale* of *dice*, and yet ſo roares
In *Ordinaries* with his *band* of *ſcoares*
And *librarie* of *reckonings* brauely payed
With a high *feſtiuall-ſurfet*, though diſplayed.
Then wittie *Hermes*, tell, the *age* permits,
How many *gallants* onely liue by *wits*,
When I obſerue ſome *Lawyer* ſhift a *caſe*,
With *Angels* from his *right* from *place* to *place*,

Iuggle with *by-clarkes*, and with *counterfees*,
Of either *partie*, stretch their *practises*
Vnto an *Ambodexter course* of *right*,
Smooth vp the *weake*, and fawne on *men* of *might*,
Then winged *Mercurie* I doe admire,
The actiue *flames* of thy most *subtill fire*,
When I behold so many *slights* of *men*,
Eu'n from the *scraping* and *rough Citizen*,
Vnto the *lofty-climing-dignitie*
Of some smooth *Courtiers* crauing subtiltie:
Then thou deepe *charmer* of quick *Argus eies*,
Thy *art* with thy bright *planet* doe arise,
When I behold a *Vsurer* ensnare,
The lauish *issue* of some *hopefull heire*,
Wrapt vp in *bonds* for some *commodities*,
With his damn'd *broker* by his *policies*,
Procures for *composition*, then my *braine*
Adores the *Engins* of thy wittie *traine*.
But tell me (thou acute ingenious *man*)
That nam'st thy selfe a slie *Mercurian*:
Thou that like *Scenica* in *memorie*,
Transcends the *vulgar* in capacitie.
Thou whose rare *vertues* are vnparaleld,
VVhose *words*, like *Delphos Oracles* are held)
Thou that do'st censure *Homer* to be blind,
Both in his *mole-eied sense*, and in his *minde*,
And call'st thy selfe a *wit* at euery *feast*,
That cares to loose thy *friends* more then thy *iest*,
Keep'st company at *Tauernes*, and canst write
A *baudie-pamphlet* for a *baudes* delight,
Art *criticall* on *stages*, and think'st *Art*,
To be diffus'd through euery senceless *part*

Of

Of thy weake *iudgement*, like ſome *great mans* ſonne,
Sent onely vnto *Cambridge* to begon,
Afore he reades his *elements* aright,
A *great mans* learning onely reſts in *ſight*.
2 Know'ſt thou not *fond vſurper* of *ſharpe man*,
How *art* defines a true *Mercurian*:
Not euery Brazier (though his *art* be rare)
Can equall skilfull *Mirons* molten *mare*,
VVhoſe *brazen frame* liue *Stalions* vſ'd to couer,
As if to *art* proud *nature* were a *louer*:
Not euery *limmer* of *phantaſtick ſhapes*
Can weare the *name* of *Zeuxes* for his *grapes*: *Zeuxis an excellent Painter.*
Not euery *ſlaſh* of *ayres* moſt ſubtill *ſpirit*,
Shall weare this *planets influence* with his merit:
Not euery *brickel Poet*, that aſpires,
And faine would *flie* with *Sidneys* noble *fires*
Into the *breſt* of *greatneſſe*, we inſert
Into the *laureat Chorus* of quick *art*.
2 And though the *Kalends* of theſe *daies* permits,
That euery *man* will companie the *wits*;
Scipio will haue his *Ennius* to Indite,
And great *Mecænas* baudy *Horrace* write
A *Pamphlet* to *Idolatrize* their *name*.
Yet in the paſſage of *immortall fame*,
Tis not the *ſtirring motion* of the *pen*,
Nor the *phantaſticke humors* of thoſe *men*,
No, nor their *flames* begot in *ſmoke* and *wine*,
That can inſpire their *blockheads* with diuine,
And moſt inuentions *ſtraines* of *rauiſhing fits*:
Vnleſſe great *Hermes* charme their *apiſh wits*
VVith *arts* and deeper *skill*, then that which *wine*,
Brings forth to *ſhame* good *byrthes* with *baſtard rime*:

Nor euery *Almanack-maker*, that can tell,
How euery *Planet* in his *house* doth dwell,
The quarters of the *Moone*, and giue the *reason*
To *plow*, to *purge*, to *lib* in euery *season*:
No, nor a *Gipses trickes* in *Palmestrie*,
Can merit a true birth from *Mercurie*.
No, nor a *plodding Graduat*, deepe in *art*,
That searches euen the *center* and the *hart*
Of euery *scruple*, that with *Snake-like twinnes*,
Circles the *earth* with *winding disciplines*,
We call a right *Mercurian*, that so lookes,
As if his *soule* were nail'd vnto his *bookes*,
Except his *practick studies* well doe show,
Experience in the *age* more then to know
The *literall sense* of *arts*: for out of *schooles*,
Your meereſt *scholers* are the meereſt *fooles*.
Not he, that taken from his *Colledge teates*,
And wean'd from *schooles* vnto the nobler *seates*
Of *Lordly houses*: can sharpe *Hermes* boast
The God of *wits* to be his *sire* and *hoast*:
If to his formall and more sollid *vaine*,
He ioyne not sprightfull *carriage* to his *braine*
To apprehend the *times* grosse ignorance,
By application of each *circumstance*
Vnto his *noble charge* he takes in *hand*,
That not a *tricke*, but he can vnderstand
Within his actiue *spirit*, and still tries
With his owne *Test* the best of *subtilties*,
That can prooue fatall: as for others then
They may teach *scholers*, but not *Gentlemen*,
Monastick-walkes, and circumscriptiue *walls*,
Are fit for *plodding wits*; when *Lordly Halls*

And

And noble *Pupils*, fit men of thoſe *parts*,
That know the *world*, and are more then the *arts*:
For *ſingularities* beſt pleaſe our *ſenſe*,
But *vniuerſals* giue *intelligence*
In the whole *kinde* of *learning*: ſuch as theſe
Are right *Mercurians* in their *practiſes*,
That ioyne with *nature*, *art*; and with their *art*
Experience, as a *quinteſſentiall part*:
Nor *nature*, nor *experience* ioyn'd in *one*,
Giues a *Mercurian* true perfection:
Except deepe *art* doe helpe to loade his *braine*:
For both without ſome *learning* are in vaine,
And farre from politicke *influence*: but he's beſt
That hath all *three* ioyn'd in a compleate *breaſt*:
For if inſtinct of *nature* make a *man*
With ſubtill *trickes* a right *Mercurian*:
I ſee not but the *Ichnumon*, *Memphis God*,
Should challenge in his kinde ſlie *Hermes rod*:
For in his *naturall guifts*, he doth excell
All other *ſlights* that *men* or *ſtories* tell:
For on his *coate* he wraps an *earthen cake*,
Which by *reflection* of the *ſunne* doth bake
His hardned *armor*, and with ſuch a *ſlight*,
Impenetrable he begins to fight
Againſt the *Crocodile*, and with a *Wren*
He ſhowes more *craft* then moſt *Fox-like men*
Can patterne in the *triumph* of their *foe*:
For both with *conqueſt* ioyne in *ouerthrow*
Of *Nylus monſter*, and if onely *art*,
Architas wooden *Doue* ſhall beare a *part*,
Of a moſt ſlie *Mercurian*; or that *Flie*,
That late a *German* made moſt curiouſly,

Singularia ſenſus vniuerſalia intellectus.
Ariſ. Topi. lib. prim.

Ichnumon or Pharoahs rat

With busie *motion* and with *iron wings*,
Regdomontanus made a Flie of Iron like a natural Flie.
Venting forth *buzzing*, and lowd *whisperings*:
And if alone *experience* make such *men*.
I see no reason, but our *saylers* then,
Such as haue towsde the *seas* with change of *land*,
And seene all *fashions*: but should vnderstand
The *Mazes* of slie *Mercurie*, who on *shore*
Are ruder then the *winds* their *Sayles* haue bore:
No, all those *three* ioyn'd in their sweete *consents*:
Like the sweet Musicke of the *elements*,
That do agree together in the *frame*
Of a sound *constitution* giues the *name*,
Of a most right *Mercurian*: and not *fier*,
Or *water* by themselues, without the *quier*
Of their sweet *harmony* distinctly fixt:
Can giue a *forme* vnto a *body* mixt:
As neither *Autumne*, nor the *spring* alone
Can make a full *yeares reuolution*:
Vnlesse the *frostie winter* do conspire
To make it perfect with the *Summers fire*.
2 Nor *art*, nor *nature* makes our subtlest *wits*,
Except in one *triplicitie* it fits
Experience to them both: for in the *minde*
Those two like rougher *Diamonds* are resignd,
And pollisht by *experience*: and all *three* must
Like *Diamonds* cut themselues with their owne *dust*:
Which nothing else can perfect but their owne:
Diamonds being parted, neuer cut alone
Their proper *bodies*: and thus *mans* perfection:
Shines like a full-pact *constellation*:
Inuention is an *action* of the *soule*,
Whose essence *starres* nor *influence* cancontroule:

Which

Which *Mercurie* himſelfe can neuer carrie,
Or take away but proſperouſly may varie:
In giuing *inclinations* to our *vaines*,
But *art* and ripe *experience* quicks our *braines*,
Or rather all *three*, like three *faculties*
Of *ſenſe* increaſe: and *reaſons properties*:
As in a *foure-ſquare figure* may be wrought,
A *triangle* from the ſame *bodie* brought:
Reſts ſo in *man*, and do include each other,
Nature with *art*, *experience* as their *mother*:
All which, if euer they did iumpe in one.
Or bleſt *mans reaſon* with *infuſion*:
Great *Iulius Scaliger* in thy *ſpectacle*
I reade no *wonder* but a *miracle*,
That with theſe *three* ſo bleſt thy *ſubtilties*.
Scilfull in *thirteene* ſeuerall *languages*,
That *time* ſhall ſing thy *ſharpe natiuitie*,
Not vnder, but beyond bright *Mercurie*.
Beſides the *mixture* of the *elements*,
That ſweetly play vpon our *temperaments*.
Either in higher, or in baſe *degrees*
Of actiue or their *paſſiue qualities*,
May adde vnto the *temper* of the *ſcull*.
Quicke winding *Sceanes* or *plots* more *groſſe* and *dull*:
The airie ſanguine temper quickly *ſtirrs*,
And apprehends, like buſie Scribelers,
That in a *Tearme time*, like to *vintners lads*,
Vp *ſtaires* and downe with nimble *motion* gads,
Subiect to *agitation*, yet conſumes
His ſlight *impreſſions* in his *ayerie fumes*:
Such are the idle *motion* of thoſe *men*,
That with *poetick furie* of their *pen*.

Snatch

Snatch at each *ſhadow* of a ſodaine *wit*,
Like *Eſops dog*; that in the *ſun-ſhine* bit
The *ſhadow* of the *fleſh*: like *Oares* or *Sculs*
That crie the *firſt man*, and ſo drags and puls
At ſight of a *conceite*: that ſcare their *ſenſe*.
Loſing their *fare* by offring violence.
The *chollericke complexion* hot and drie,
Writes with a *Seriants* hand moſt gripingly.
The *Phlegmaticke* in ſuch a *waterie vaine*,
As if ſome (*riming-Sculler*) got *his ſtraine*.
But the ſound *melancholicke* mixt of *earth*,
Plowes with his *wits*, and brings a ſollid *birth*:
The *labor'd lines* of ſome deepe reaching *Scull*,
Is like ſome *Indian ſhip* or ſtately *hull*,
That three yeares *progreſſe* furrows vp the *maine*,
Bringing rich *Ingots* from his *loaden braine*:
His *art* the *ſunne*, his *labors* are the *mines*,
His *ſollid ſtuffe* the *treaſure* of his *lines*:
Mongſt which moſt maſſiue *Mettals* I admire
The moſt iudicious *Beaumont*, and his *fire*:
The euer *Colum builder* of his *fame*,
Sound ſearching-*Spencer* with his *Faierie-frame*:
The labor'd *Muſe* of *Iohnſon*, in whoſe *loome*
His *ſilke-worme ſtile* ſhall build an honor'd *toombe*
In his owne *worke*: though his long curious *twins*
Hang in the roofe of *time* with daintie *lines*:
Greeke-thundring *Chapman* beaten to the *age*
With a deepe *furie* and a ſollid *rage*.
And Morrall *Daniell* with his pleaſing *phraſe*,
Filing the rockie *methode* of theſe *daies*.
As for thoſe *Dromidarie wits*, that flie
With ſwifter *motion*, then ſwift *Time* can tie

To

To a more *ſnaile-like progreſſe*, ſlow and ſure,
May their *bold becham Muſe* the *curſe* indure,
Of a *waſte-paper Peſthouſe*, and ſo riſe,
As like the *ſunnes* proud *flower* it daily dies.
Beſides, another cauſe of wits rarieties,
Conſiſts vpon the *climates* form'd *varieties*,
That from the *Articke*, to the ſoutherne *Cape*,
Alters our *humors* to a diuerſe *ſhape*,
The Northerne *Tike* is *faire*, *groſſe*, *dull* and *hard*.
The *Southerne man* more pliant doth regard
The witty *layes*, and *madrigals* of *arts*:
But from the *North*, are *men* of tuffer *parts*,
Brawnie labourious *Hinds* for labour fit,
Come from that *Pole*, from tother *men* of *wit*:
Rough-hewne vntutord *Groomes* come from the *North*,
But *vertues* frō the *South* of milder worth.
And from each *Climates* variation,
Proceedes the *changes* of both *men* and *nation*.
The *Alman rutter* in his *wit* more cold,
The *French* more *ſudden*, and the *Italian* bold,
The *Spaniard* ſubtill, though with much delay,
Craftie in *vengeance*, wittie to betray.
The *Dutch potwittie*, and the *Iriſh man*,
A moſt diſſembling *politician*:
The *Scotch man* poore in wit, yet very thriuing,
Of a broad *ſpeech*, yet ſubtill in contriuing.
The *Engliſhman* more poore then he is knowne
For *wit* and *clothes*, for neither are his owne.
But here from *Mercurie* againe I runne,
Bearing the *pillers* of *Alcmenaes* ſonne
With *ne plus vltra*, in this *planets* praiſe,
Leauing the learned *trophees* of greene *Bayes*

To *Ioues* owne *nuncius* winged *Mercurie*,
To crowne more worthier *browes* in memorie
Of a more curious *modell*, then my *pen*
Can limme out to the *life* in other *men*:
For not like *Phœton* I doe aſpire,
To melt my ſelfe in this *cœleſtiall fire*,
Or like vaine *Poets*, liſten to the *aire*
Of fond *opinion*, what it holds for rare:
But if this *Satyr* haue err'd ought in *matter*,
May his *tongue* bliſter, that will ſpeake to flatter,
Yet thus much boldly to the contrary
I boldly ſpeake, by leaue of *Mercury*,
That though no wayes, I can his *influence* merit,
My *Muſe* beyond his *ſtarres* ſhall mount in *ſpirit*.
And to a holier *Hierarchie* flie,
To ſing a more diuiner *hyſtorie*:
But now of *Cynthia* and her *beames* I writ,
T is now *full-Moone*, *Apes* daunce in ſuch a *night*.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THOMAS LORD WINDESOR, *R. A.* wiſheth a proſperous perpetuitie of health and happineſſe.

Of the Moone. ☽

MY noble Lord, I much applaude your contemplatiue election in retiring your ſelfe with many worthy examples, as Cato *to* Picen, *and* Scipio *to a Farme to a contented countrie life. You ſee the poyſon of populous places, and the Babel fall of popularitie; the viciſſitude of times are full of peſtilent perils. Let your Noble vertues make you happie in knowing your ſelfe, and canonicall in making vſe of the greateſt ruines of higher fortunes; my loue and ancient duty contend both to gratifie your honour. Reade here the mutabilitie of time, and be reſeruing in your Noble nature what you find doctrine and vſefull: tis a handfull, but infinite in my loue and ſeruices. And I conclude with the Poet,*
Non rebus exiguis vacat abeſſe Ioui.

Your Lordſhips in all ſeruice and loue,

Robert Anton.

Aries Leo Sagittarius : : Gemini Libra Aquarius : : Taurus Virgo Capricornus : : Cancer Scorpio Pisces :
MARS: ♂
IGNIS:
FAVONIVS:
ÆSTAS:
IVVENTVS:
Cholerica.
Sanguin.
Adolescentia
VER.
AVSTER.
AER.
IVPITER. ♃
Phlegmat.
Vegetans a.
AVTVMNVS.
EVRVS.
AQVA.
IVNA ☽
SENECTVS:
melancholu
HYEMS:
AQVILO:
TERRA:
SATVRNVS: ♄

THE PHILOSOPHERS SEVENTH

Satyr of the Moone. D

OF all the *Planets*, this appeares moſt ſtrange
In *apparitions* and inconſtant *change*:
Sometime ſhe like a *ſithe* her *face* doth ſhow,
That *barbes* the *fields*, when they vncutill grow:
Sometimes againe ſhe like a *rounded-ball*:
Her crumped *hornes* appeare moſt *ſphæricall*:
Which *forms* the bright *Sun* (heauens *imperiall ſtarre*)
Prints in her pale *cheeke* with his *golden carre*:
Sometimes approaching with his *ſtately head*
But once a *month*, Lordlike his *Ladies* bed:
Which is the reaſon why her plumpe fac't *Rheumes*
Swell *man* and *beaſt*, *plants*, *mines* in *pleni-lunes*,
As *ſhe* is *neere* or *diſtant* from the *ſunne*:
So diuers in *aſpects* her *courſes* runne,
Empreſſe of *floods*, that ſwelſt as thou doſt pleaſe
The *fluxe*, and *refluxe* of the ſturdie *Seas*:
Whiſper to *Nature* that *deepe miſterie*
Of *Neptunes* mightie *tides*, whoſe *ſophiſtrie*
Made that great *probleme maiſter* daſh his *braine*,
Againſt the *billowes* of the curled *maine*,
Making the *Ocean*, with his ſpatious *roome*,
At once his *graue*, his *coffin*, *ſheete* and *tombe*.
His *double motion* (as ſome vnderſtand)
Was not receiued from *Gods* eternall *hand*:
Although his *bounds* the *Mouer* hath aſſign'd,
To which the headſtrong *Ocean* is confin'd,
But from that glorious ſiluer-fronted *ſtarre*,
That giues high *floods*, or *ebs*, as pleaſeth *her*:
But why, my *Nectared Muſe* doſt thou diſtill
Such *Roſie-adors* from thy *bitter quill*:
And ceaſe to aduance vnto thy *Satyrs reede*:

To nettle *time* and make *abuses* bleede.
Lanch the impostumed *age* vnto the *quicke*,
And (*Dutchman-like*) with *desperate fencing* sticke.
Among all *things* that subiect are to *change*,
Copernicus his opinion. There's nothing *fixt*, but is inclinde to *range*:
Which made *Copernicus* this *Maxime* proue,
That the fixt *earth* did from his *center* moue:
If *nothing* then in *earth*, in *seas*, or *skies*:
But (*Proteus*-like) to *change* it selfe applies.
Bright *weather-cocke* of *heauen*, let me vnstrip
The changing *influence* of thy *Ladyship*.
Woman, I could like *bels* thy *changes* ring,
And like a foule-mouthd *Mantuan* raile and sing
" Of thy *inconstant words*, *vncertaine vowes*:
" *Change of thy smiles*, *thy passions*, *and thy browes*:
" *Change of thy heart*, *hand*, *tongue*, *and rowling eye*:
" *Change both in loue*, *and hate extremitie*:
" *Change to all changes*, *and if more change may*
" *From Saint to diuell*, *change euen when you pray*.
But I enough haue dwelt vpon your *starre*,
Let it suffise, the *world* knowes what you are,
A *Bit-borne curse*, an *Eele*, a *Bee* to sting:
A *Cockatrice* to kill, *Syren* to sing.
But leauing you for *mans* eternall *bane*:
Bright *Cynthia*, let me sing th'*inconstant vaine*
Of these vncertaine *times*, and truly show
How all things change, and with thy *beames* do flow:
Nor *woman*, nor the *change* of *elements*,
Nor the *Moones changes* do more *change* present;
Then the inconstant monstrous *multitude*:
Whose giddy *Hydra-heads* all *formes* include,
Marke how the *winds* breaking their *brazen-guard*,
Changes each *point* of *compasse*, or of *card*:

Some-

Sometimes full *East*, ſometimes againe full *weſt*.
So *change* the *furies* of the *poopels breſt*:
A great-mans *fortune*, that like *full-Moones* riſe
Like *Dolphins*, theſe adore; but when it dies,
And wants from fuller influence of *Reſpect*.
When his ambitious *beames* no more reflect,
Vpon the baſer *bodies*; then their *tide*
In ſhallow *ebbes*, and falling *currents* aſide:
As *greatmens* miſerie, that like the *Sun*
Attended with *twelue-ſignes* their progreſſe run,
when their *bright honors* do aſcend the *skie*
Like *Aries* then they beare him companie,
In comfort of his *ſpring-tide* and *high ſtate*.
Adore the high *Solſtitiall* of his *fate*:
But when his *riſing honors* do decline,
Then with his fall fals the *diſſembling ſigne*
Into *Aquarius*, and from their *eyes*
Drop onely *teares* to ſhrowd him, when he dies.
The *Peacooketraine* of heauens all-colourd *bow*,
Paints not more *colours* then theſe *Iayes* do ſhow
That haue the *falling-ſickneſſe*: when ſuch fall,
Moores at their *Eaſt*, *Dogs* at their *funerall*.
Oh *Popularitie* that coſt more *heads*
Then there are *worms* within their *ſhamed beds*,
To eate their *treaſons* with their honord *bones*
To their firſt *elements*, or weeping *ſtones*,
To waſh their *ſhame* in *teares*: now haue your *charms*
Betrayed the nobler parts of *Arts* and *Armes*
To an vntimely graue, which *time* ſhall write
In bleeding *characters* to after-ſight.
How many ſtately *Cedars* haue you lopt,
VVhoſe ſtate cloud-kiſſing-branches ouertopt

The

The *humble ſhrub*, whoſe ruin'd *timber* lies
To build new *hopes* to their *dead families*.
Here could my *Muſe* with *hiſtory* conclude
The fatall *changes* of the *multitude*.
And like a *vizard* to *Nobilitie*,
Fright their depending *popularitie*.
But this in breefe true *ſubiects* ſhall ſuffiſe,
" *He's wiſeſt, that by others harmes growes wiſe*,
When I behold the *Queene* of *ſeas* and *night*,
Shifting her *formes* in *changes* to our *ſight*.
I ſee the *world* (*Cameleon*-like) purſue
Her *changing humors* and her *diuers hue*.
Sometimes me thinks I ſee a *peaſant* ride,
In his *full-moone*, of *ſurfet* and of *pride*,
As if he *tilted* gainſt *authoritie*,
Defied his *Taylors* importunitie,
Scornd his poore *Saffron-laundreſſe* and his *hoaſt*,
Beat his poore *Shoomaker*, and rid in *poſt*
To *dicing-Tauerns*, next *day* without faile
His *moone* is chang'd, he damned in a *Iayle*.
Sometimes I ſee ſome ſacred *reliques* turnd
To *Theaters* prophane, and *tapers* burnd
For damned *Comedies*, where *ſinging quires*
At *midnight* caſt their *odoriferous fires*:
Which to *a diuell* would appeare a *change*
Of moſt *vnchriſtian toleration* ſtrange:
Sometimes I ſee more then mine *eyes* would ſee
Steeples to *ſtables* turn'd, and *Sanctitie*,
Chang'd into rauenous *Roabes* of *pollicie*.
That I more wonder at this *tranſmutation*,
Then at the *Moones alturnate alteration*:
Againe, reflect mine *eye* vpon the *age*

That

That *was* and *is*, I ſee *times pilgrimage*
Corrupted with ſuch peſtilence of *euill*,
That *man* to *man* turnes *wolfe*: nay more a *diuell*.
I ſee *ambition* begging innocence
Well-landed, for a *fool*; as if all *ſenſe*
Were tied to *pompe* or *policie* of *ſtate*
That our beſt *landed men* are *fooles* by *fate*:
Which makes mē count a *Scholler* bleſt in *Schooles*,
Which though they *begge*: the'r ſeldom begd for *fools*
He's got in an *Eclipſe*, ſo weake by *birth*,
He liues by th'aire; hath not a *foote* of *earth*:
This is a *fatall thing*, prodigious *chance*:
Great fortunes fauour *groſſeſt ignorance*.
Sometimes I ſee the euer-turning *ſpheare*
Of *man* and *fortune* like *new-Moones* appeare,
Still waxing to a full increaſe of *light*,
Till it ſeeme *round* full-*circled* and *moſt bright*
To all men *eyes*: till by the darkeſome *ſhade*
Of ſome *miſchance*, a blacke *eclipſe* be made.
Thus haue I ſeene inconſtant *Tradeſmen* floate
Now *rich*, to morrow *broake* not worth a *groate*.
Tis the *condition* of this *glorious frame*,
And all things that beneath the *Moone* we name:
Nay, eu'n the things aboue her orbed-*face*,
Do couet *changes* from their *naturall place*.
Till with *mutations*, all things thinke it beſt,
To melt vnto their *Chaos*, and ſo reſt.
When *man* is borne, and (ſpeechleſſe) propheſies
Of *times ſucceſsions*, and his *miſeries*:
He firſt begins to *waxe*; then *wanes* to worſe,
Sees many *Moones*, and then begins to curſe
The *changes* of the *times*: which many *yeares*

His vexed *ſoule* hath markt the ſwift *careeres*
Of *Sunne* and *Moone*, and notes the *age* turnd *Iew*,
With tedious *howers*: then he bids adeiw
Vnto his *golden daies*, when in his *rage*,
His long lurd *tongue* ſpeakes of the wicked *age*,
Tels what a braue *world* twas, when *Bullens towers*,
Trembled like *Aſpen leaues* at *Henries* powres:
Obſeruing not the *world* the ſame to ſtand.
VVhen tis *mens manners* change and not the *land*:
Here could I ſing the *changes* of all *ſtates*,
Euen from the conquering and victorious *gates*
Of *Tyber*-graſping *Roome*, tell of her *ſtorie*,
VVrite of her *changes* and her *waning glorie*.
Euen to this mightie *weſterne Monarchie*.
Since firſt the *Danes* ſubdude her *libertie*.
But more then I can write, *all things* perſwade.
What euer *were*, or *is* to *be*, ſhall fade.
And though the *world* were *euiternall* thought,
Tis not *eternall*, but ſhall change to *nought*:
But now I turne my *ſailes* from *ſeas* to *land*.
Here's more then *men* will *reade* or *vnderſtand*:
Though orderly next to the *firmament*,
Theſe *wandring planets* do themſelues preſent:
And next to them *earth*, *water*, *aire*, and *fire*:
Succeed in *place* my *ſpirit* to inſpire,
VVith matter of diuine *Philoſophie*,
To tell of euerie *primate qualitie*:
That with *predomination* doth preſent
The Lordly pride of euerie *Element*
In *bodies* mixt: and firſt I ſhould repaire
To the three *Regions* of the ſubtill *Aire*:
Tell of the fearefull *Comets* in the *skie*,

VVhoſe

Whoſe diuers *formes* giue to the *prodigie*
Ten fearefull ſeuerall *kinds*: which ſo we name
As they are diuers in their *formes* or flame:
Of *thunder*, *lightning*, and their *blaſting might*:
Of *haile*, *ſnow*, *raine*, and *tempeſts* of the *night*,
Of *Fiers*, that haunt *Churchyards* and forlorne *graues*:
Of *winds* by which our *ſhips* dance on the *waues*:
Of *earthquakes*, and the *veines* of euerie *mine*.
Of *gold*, for which we cut the *burning line*:
Of *plants*, of *trees*, and of their *qualities*,
How in their *formes* and *place* they ſimbolize.
And how againe for *enuie* and *deſpight*,
The *vine* and *Colewort* neuer do delight
To grow *one* by *another*: then to ſing,
Of gliſtering *Iewels*, and each *pretious thing*:
To tell the vertue of the *Chryſolite*,
The ſparkling *Carbuncle* that ſhines by *night*,
The purple *Hyacinth*, whoſe *ſtone* imparts
Sollace and *mirth* to our griefe-nummed *harts*:
The heauenly Azure *Saphirs* qualitie,
Whom *Authors* ſay, preſerueth *chaſtitie*,
The greene *Smaragdus*, foe to *Venus* reakes,
Whoſe *ſtone* in hot *coniunction* bluſhing *breakes*,
And many more, that by the glorious *Sunne*
In the *earths* wombe take their *conception*,
Theſe in their *order* ſhould my *pen* incite
Of *Natures vniuerſall workes* to write,
And in ſweet *morall lectures* to applie
The *worlds abuſes* to their *miſterie*:
But that I hardly can be brought, to thinke
The *time* loues *gaull*, by which I make mine *inke*,
Or haue ſo much *wit* in their *ſhallow braines*.

To *reade* and *vnderstand* me for my *paines*.
For by this *plague* we euer are outstript,
When we whip others we our selues are whipt
By Carters, and poore silly sensleſſe hinds;
Whose grosser *bodies* carry grosser *minds*
For vnderstanding: such lend onely *lookes*,
And thinke of *Poems* as of coniuring *bookes*:
Where in they see braue *circles* to the eye,
But more *admire* then *know* the *misteriee*
Of *Arts profunditie*: I feare none but such:
My selfe hath liu'd too long, and writ too much.

FINIS

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Apollo Christian:

OR

HELICON REFORMED.

Eccles. 38. 25.

Scribe Sapientiam *in tempore vacuitatis.*

Hor. de Art. Poe.

Scribendi rectè Sapere *est & principium, & fons.*

London,
Printed for *Thomas Norton*, and are to bee sold at *his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe* of the Kings-head. 1617.

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